JUNE 3 — 9, 1978

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Eve's Weekly

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What every mother should know about starting her baby on solids

"When should infants be started on solids?"

When your baby is about three months old, just milk is no longer enough for proper all-round growth. He now needs food that will give him extra energy and nourishment. And this is supplied by semi-solids. It is, however, best to ask your doctor first. He will be the one who will be able to advise you as to whether your baby is ready for solids or not. Some babies who develop faster are ready for solids sooner than others. Remember, there are no strict rules about when your baby should be given solids. But generally it is agreed by doctors that from three months onwards, infants need something more substantial than just plain milk.

"How to choose the right solid food for my baby?"

Your choice should be a solid food that is nutritionally complete. Food that contains, in right proportion, all the necessary elements and ingredients to provide optimum nourishment to a growing infant. A food that is complete with proteins, fats, carbohydrates, vitamins and iron.

"Why is it important that a weaning food should be nutritionally complete?"

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"My doctor recommended Cerelac. Is it because Cerelac is nutritionally complete?"

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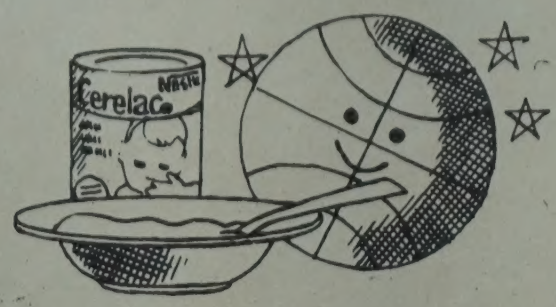

your baby needs, from 3 months onwards for proper growth. That is why mothers all over the world make Cerelac the first solid food for their baby.

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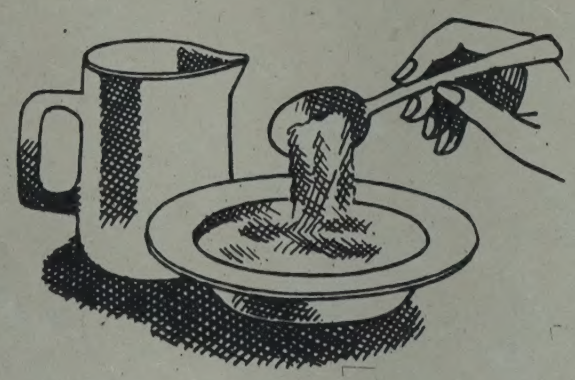

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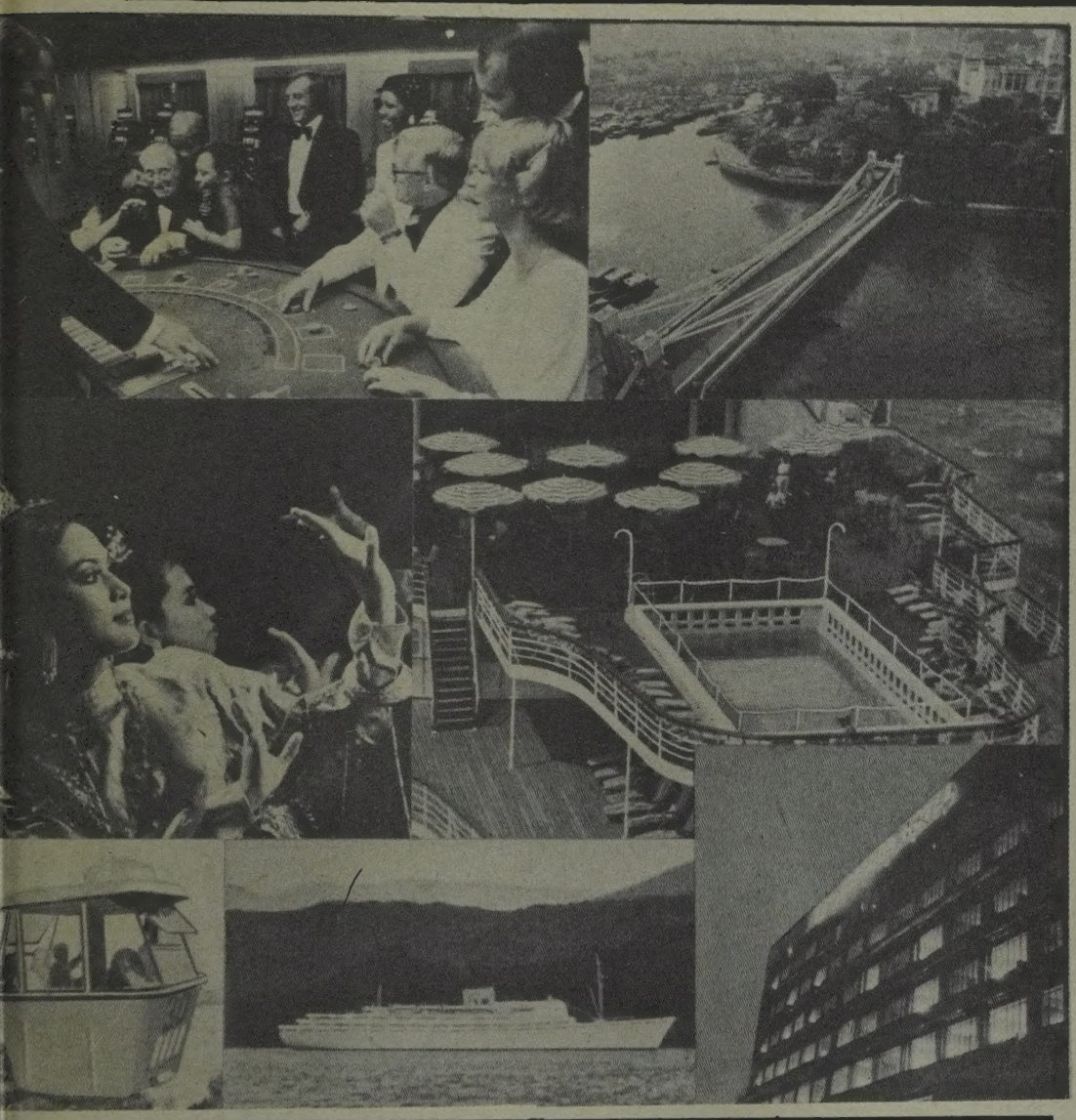

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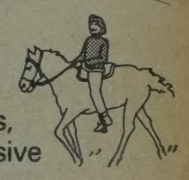

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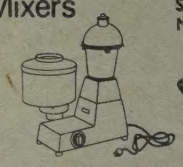

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ntry forms details, rules and regulations, see Chic azine June, July and August issues. Hurry! Contest s 31st August 1978. Entries must reach Chic ications office, Akash Ganga, 89, Bhulabhai Desai Road, bay-400 036 by 31st August 1978.

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ARATI GUPTA

Dusky complexioned, attractive and quietly charming, Arati did her schooling from St. Joseph's High School, Bombay.

With a trim, slim figure, Arati is crazy about modelling and has done quite a few assignments for commercial advertisements. She would like to go further in this field by doing more glamorous fashion modelling!

Lively and friendly, Arati is fond of all outdoor games and riding, which was one of her outstanding achievements in school. She also loves all classical Indian music. Terribly fashion conscious, she prefers designing and stitching her own clothes: her one ambition in life — to own a fashion house or a boutique where she will be able to show off her creative talent.

Photograph : Dayaram Chawda

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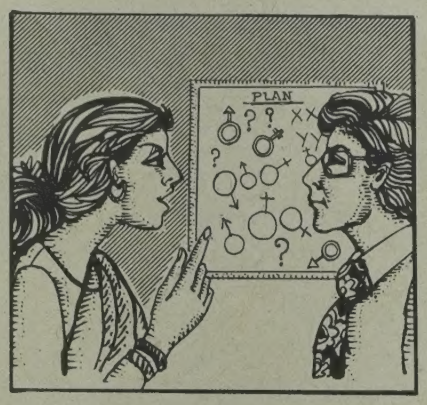
this week

THE MALE CHILD MANIA

It is an indisputable fact that there still persists among parents in India an irrational craving for a male off-spring. The birth of a girl child often brings feelings of disappointment, especially if she is the eldest child or 'yet another' girl in in the family. Individuals, religious leaders, legislators and society as a whole have a responsibility to eradicate this prejudice.

Page 8.



PRE-DETERMINING THE SEX OF A BABY

Through the ages, various "methods" of pre-planning a baby's sex, most of which had no scientific basis, have been proferred to the unsuspecting and eager public.
Today more scientific methods are being researched. One of the latest discoveries is made-in-India.

Page 9.

THE CONSUMER HAS A RIGHT TO GOOD MEDICINES

The recent Drug Policy of the government has created a stir among pharmaceutical companies, both multinational and indigenous. Monetary and economic considerations apart, the point that must be stressed is : multinationals or no multinationals, the consumer must not suffer. What is at stake for the consumer? How can the government help not only present consumers but those for whom drugs are currently an unaffordable luxury?

Page 37.

DONATE YOUR BLOOD

Blood donation is among the most necessary and commendable services that one human being can render to another, because blood is such a complex and perfect solution that even modern science has been unable to synthesise it. A doctor's guide to blood, its components and its uses.

Page 42.

ALSO

"Walk In The Shadows" : Part I of the six-part serialisation of a brand new Mills and Boon novel, which will never be available in India in paper-back — **Page 12,** Decoration Ideas : how to use fruits, flowers and vegetables in beautiful combinations — **Page 17,** Film Interview : Sharmila Tagore, emancipated at a time when emancipation was a dirty word — **Page 21,** Profiles : Battobai, master craftswoman — **Page 19,** Khuloud Al-Kassar, among the "new" Iraqui women — **Page 43.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7,** People Known & Unknown/**11,** Heart to Heart/19, Comics/**20,** Short Story/**23,** Fashion/**24,** Cookery/**29,** Children's Page/**35,** Madam I'm Adam/**36,** Frankly Speaking/**41,** People & Events/**44,** World of Eve/**45,** Horoscope/**46.**

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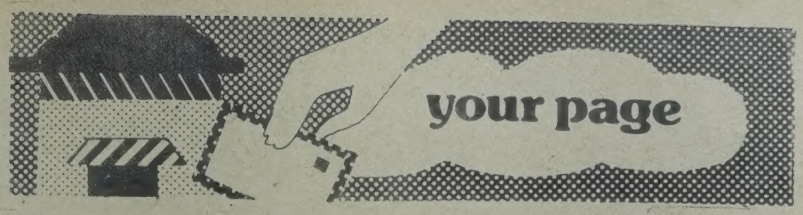

1st prize

CALL THE HOSTEL

It is really infuriating the way girls staying in hostels are labelled notorious, especially those living in Baroda. You just have to mention to a person that you are staying in one of the hostels of Baroda and his imagination starts running really wild. Like, they are sure that such a girl usually flirts with at least eight to ten boys, smokes, drinks, has no moral standards, etc.

As if this is not enough, they also like to think that these girls are never serious about studies, they have come to stay in the hostel just to get a kick out of it, always interested in roaming about ..... oh, really, there is no end to these suppositions. I could write pages and pages and yet not finish.

I am not just talking about myself; there are plenty of girls like myself who are very sober, have hardly any boy friends, leave alone the smoking and boozing stuff. On Sunday evenings when our mess is closed, we even cook dinner ourselves. And I assure you, the number of girls like myself is much, much more than that of the other type. Then why this generalisation? It is really not at all fair!

Niharika Pandya, Baroda

We realise how you feel — but what makes you think Baroda should take the "credit" for such foul talk? Such allegations as you have cited are made elsewhere, too; even in the big cities which are supposed to envelop you in anonymity. So take heart and ignore such comments, Barking dogs are best left alone.

2nd prize

PROHIBITION PROS

The Prime Minister has said that Prohibition is a programme by which women will get a better share of family income and life, and that the policy is not aimed at any section of society but against an evil, the consequence of which is written on many faces.

But in the cons against drink, are there no pros? How many men who otherwise would never have had the courage to face life's vicissitudes or problems, have found strength from a swig at the bottle? If not for the succour thus derived — or the inebriation — they might have given up the struggle altogether. Drink in moderation is not so much an evil. The argument, of course, is that few men have got what it takes to draw the line. But even so, it cannot constitute a case for total prohibition. Perhaps a system could be introduced, where drinks can be bought only on a permit card, that even at parties it can be served only on a limited scale, that no liquor is sold for the first three days of the month. There may be loopholes for an alcoholic to circumvent any measure, and to get more than his rationed quota, but that is his funeral and will not justify total prohibition. It was even found that a peg of rum is cheaper for the forces, than a cup of tea!

If drink is bad, so, too, is smoking. . . and prostitution. Will smoking be banned, and brothels closed?

Hyma Bal, Tellicherry

If women were to really and truly benefit from prohibition, we would be all for it. But experience, right here and abroad, has shown that more evils can emanate from this one decision. More corruption, more and inferior booze, flouting of the law, increase in crime, great loss to the exchequer...the list is long. Besides, we should first get our priorities right.

3rd prize

SWEET DREAMS

Man is essentially a dreamer. Great art and outstanding inventions arise as ideas in the minds of men and are then given shape and form. Lesser mortals spend much of their lives wishing, hoping and planning for what is not and there are those who reach their dream-world with the help of narcotics, drinks and drugs.

Now comes news that we can teach ourselves to order and organise our dreams. Sr. Patricia Garfield, a psychologist specialising in dream research has discovered and listed ways and means by which we can control our dreams. According to her, "If you fancy dreaming about Paul Newman, you can." If futurity can bring such a gift to mankind, the world would be a different and perhaps a happier place. We can have prohibition without tears, smokers will no longer face health hazards and man can exclaim with the philosopher of old, "Do I dream that I am awake or do I wake into a dream?"

Leela Ramaswamy, Bangalore

Yet another popular quotation must now be discarded! It will no longer be "...perchance to dream", but positively to dream. However, the possibility of made-to-order dreams sounds exciting. And we'd like to inform Sr. Patricia that in India, millions of young girls regularly summon not only Amitabh Bachchan (or Dharmendra or Rajesh Khanna) but also whole wedding ceremonies in which they are the ecstatic brides of their beloved heroes.

ABOUT FACE!

Ever since the Women's Lib movement started, doubt was expressed in several quarters if women possessed the capacity to compete with men in all jobs, particularly those calling for physical strength and mental courage; it was the common belief that the passive 'fair sex' would be a misfit in the 'Defence' portfolio. But recent events have proved that women also can make their mark in the Army, Navy and Air Force.

There are 1,08,000 women in the U.S. Military, forming five percent of the total force. An immediate goal of 7.1% has been announced by the United States Defence Department, which has now planned to recruit women for flying fighter planes, working in infantry units and serving aboard destroyers and aircraft carriers. As a first step in this direction, the Department has asked Congress to end the current ban on enrolment of women in combat units. "We should not be depriving women of these jobs that they are qualified to do and want to do", a Defence Department official is reported to have said.

With more and more women in millitary uniform, there will practically be no sphere of activity which will continue to be the monopoly of man.

V. Natarajan, Tirunelveli

And that's as it should be. If women want to fight alongside the men, they should be helped to do so, not hindered. Those who have the physical qualifications will get into the forces — so what's the hassle? All that old-hat talk of women losing their femininity is for the birds...

READER'S VOICE

SEX & VIOLENCE

With reference to your special issue on Sex and Violence (May 13), some of the articles are too avant-garde. We have not reached that stage yet, at least in the remote parts of India. Perhaps people in Bombay are mature enough to let their children read such articles, but not so in other places. If you are really interested in seeing boys and girls live up to our traditions and grow in a healthy environment, do not allow them to conduct research on sex. (K. Divakaran, Mavoor)

* * *

I expected your issue on Sex and Violence to be terribly sensational and smutty. I was pleasanly surprised to see that it was not. I must also mention that many of the topics handled were ones I had not even thought of before, which was good. (D. Prakash, Poona)

CAREERS

It was a good idea to provide a guide to Careers in your issue of May 6. However, I was disappointed to note that agriculture and veterinary science were left out the list. (T. Dayal, Delhi)

* * *

With reference to the statement in the piece 'New Inroads in the Professions' (May 6) to the effect that there are few, if any, women in Production in India at present, I would like to say that I myself am an electrical engineer, in charge of Production in a factory in Madras. I know a few women engineers who are handling production in engineering industries, and a couple of women completely in charge of small industries. An average of 40 women engineers graduate from Madras University every year, and most of them are entering diverse fields which include Production, Marketing and Sales. (R. Mehta, Madras)

SON VS. DAUGHTER
AN IRRATIONAL DILEMMA

Bhupinder Singh Bhatia

A daughter is not a welcome "guest" in an "expectant" house. Often, words of consolation and sympathy are offered to the newly "blessed" couple for having a female child. It is often intoned by well-wishers and friends that now there is no difference between son and daughter. Actually a statement like that in itself emphasises the fact that there is a difference still. During the days of "nasbandi," even so-called enlightened couples, with three or more children (daughters alas!), were panicky about their "right" to a male child being snatched away from them.

A FICTION CREATED BY RELIGION

Unfortunately, this male child mania has its roots in religion. From time immemorial we have been preached to that it is only the son who can secure us salvation and that it is he who is to perform the necessary religious ceremonies at the funeral pyre and thereafter.

There must perforce have been sonless parents even at the time when this concept was born. When the question of **their** salvation arose, the religious pundits provided them with the theory of adoption, whereunder a male child from some other family could be transplanted into the "deficient" family, as if it were a plantation. The law makers of that time compelled the "deficient" parents to take a total stranger into the family. Further, they proferred on this stranger all the filial rights, including the right to inherit property — needless to say, to the exclusion of natural-born daughters. In return, the son, thus brought in, was expected to offer funeral cakes and libations of water to the names of the adopter and his ancestors.

This legal fiction created by ancient Hindu law is continuing even today. Adoption by itself is nothing to condemn; in fact, in a country like ours, with its teeming population and its millions of under-privileged and unwanted children, it is a great and commendable thing. But the idea behind it which sort of necessitates adoption — that too, of a male child only — can be said to be both the result and a cause of this strong preference for a son. Once a religious tenet is established, people are bound to succumb to it — and so we have.

The desire to have a male child has, with the passage of time, taken the shape of a mania — a mania that is even capable of inciting a couple to kill the male child of someone else to have one for themselves.

Unfortunately, this mania is not exclusively confined to Hindus, who believe in rituals after death. The beliefs of a vast majority cannot but influence the minds of those who come into constant contact with them and thus practically every one in India, whatever community he or she may belong to, nourishes a preference for the male child.

Apart from the religious beliefs about salvation etc, the daughter has always been considered a "Praya Dhan" — i.e. property of others. Then comes the question: who would like to have a property which ultimately belongs to others? And this theory of "Praya Dhan" is also instrumental in the reluctance to invest in "property" which is not one's own. Only some years ago, parents used to shirk the duty to spend on the education of their daughters. Instances can also be quoted of families where the treatment of sons is better than that of daughters.

ANOTHER VILLAIN: THE DOWRY SYSTEM

Dowry, among the most menacing social evils of today, is also one of the reasons that makes a son more desirable than a daughter.

The problem of the widespread "male child mania," though mainly a personal one, concerns society as well, and its solution must be sought by both individuals and society.

Certainly, the abolition of the dowry system will make the birth of a daughter less unwelcome, as her arrival in the family would then not be considered such a decree against her parents. We do have the Dowry Prohibition Act of 1961 which aims to prohibit the giving or taking of dowry and the violation of which can, at least in theory, result in punishment for the offender. An amendment of this act is also currently being mooted by the present government (it is hoped that the act will be made cognizable).

In the "good" old days, parents were forbidden to have even a glass of water from their married daughter's house. And many parents, keeping in view the above dictum, would not sit under the shade of a tree standing in the village where their daughter was married. In this state of affairs, there could not be any question of needy parents taking help from the daughter.

A fiction created by religion and law has led to untold misery and humiliation

Thus the law of the land did not provide for the maintenance of the parents at the hands of the daughter. At the same time, it was the pious and legal duty of the son (however reluctant) to maintain them. This obviously made the son a more valuable and desirable commodity.

A yearning for the son thus also emanates from the desire to be, or at least to feel, secure in old age. The "Praya Dhan" heory, unless diluted, is bound to tip the balance in favour of the son and against the daughter.

It is, of course, totally illogical and incomprehensible why a father or mother in distress cannot look to their daughter for help, especially if she is in a position to help them (whether on account of the education received at their expense or even otherwise.) And it passeth understanding why society should look down upon parents who receive help from their daughter when in need. After all daughters are just as much the children of their parents as the sons and owe them the same gratitude for their upbringing (provided, of course, that the parents did not discriminate against them in any way and respected their right to inheritance).

The Hindu Adoption and Maintenance Act, 1956, can be said to be a step in the right direction. This has brought in an important change; namely that a female child can also be adopted. Such adoptions were hitherto-fore not recognised by law. The other important change brought in by this Act was that a Hindu (a Hindu under this Act includes a Buddhist, a Jain or a Sikh) is now bound to maintain his or her aged or infirm parents when they are unable to maintain themselves. Thus, parents in need can claim maintenance from their daughters also.

Strangely enough, while the law exclusively applicable to Hindus now makes it obligatory for the son as well as the daughter to maintain their needy parents, a law applicable to all communities fails to take note of this important change.

Section 125 of the Code of Criminal Procedure, 1973, provides for maintenance of wife, children and parents and, under this provision, if any person, to whatever community he may belong, refuses or neglects to maintain his wife, children or parents, he can be ordered to make a monthly allowance for their maintenance. Under this provision, it is only the son and not the daughter who can be ordered to pay maintenance to the parents. Similarly it is the husband or the father who can be asked to maintain his wife and or children. The wife or the mother cannot be asked to maintain her husband or children.

The provision is, thus, clearly discriminatory. Its validity was challenged on this ground, but the High Court did not agree with the contention and held: "The first ground upon which the validity of the proceeding has been assailed before us on behalf of the petitioner is that the provisions of Section 488 of the Code of Criminal Procedure (now Section 125 of the new Code) are **ultra vires** having regard to Article 15 of the Constitution clause (1) of which enjoins that State shall not discri-

minate against any citizen on grounds only of religion, caste, sex, place of birth or any of them. It is urged that the provisions of Section 488 of the Code are discriminatory in favour of women and as such **ultra vires** of the Constitution. This contention, however, ignores the provisions of clause (3) of the same Article, which lays down in clear terms that nothing in Article 15 shall prevent the State from making any special provision for women and children."

LAWS "FAVOURING" WOMEN CAN BE HANDICAPS

Thus the provision, though discriminatory, was held to be valid, being a special provision "favouring" women.

Again, in a very recent case decided on July 20, 1977 by the Punjab and Haryana High Court, a mother approached the courts for maintenance from her daughter under this provision. The daughter contended that the law does not give any right to the mother to claim maintenance from her. The High Court agreed with her that liability to maintain parents is that of the son and not of the daughter and thus quashed the proceedings initiated by the mother to claim maintenance.

It cannot be said that the poor mother would not have approached her daughter for help before coming to the court. The mother's heart must have ached at her daughter's refusal to maintain her and she must have cursed herself for not having given birth to a son. Does it not make a sonless parent more sorrowful at the fag end of life for not having a son who could have supported him/her or who could have been compelled by law to support her/him? And conversely, when a sonless parent is looked after by the daughter, will he/she not dismiss the belief for the need of a son, which is a mere fantasy floated by the religious pundits?

The law requires change, as it gives strength to the male child mania which is already all too well spread throughout the country. The voice to be raised against this aspect of legislation should, in my opinion, be those of the daughters themselves and not the parents, as this change will bring them nearer to their parents. This would also be a step which makes them equal to the sons so far as the responsibility to maintain needy parents is concerned. Once daughters are equal to sons in shouldering the responsibility of maintaining needy parents, there is no doubt that the yearning for the male child will diminish to a great extent, if not vanish altogether.

"METHODS" OF PLANNING A BABY'S SEX

Shivanand Karkal

Through the centuries, parents-to-be have been enthusiastically bombarded with various "methods" of having babies whose sex they could pre-determine. These "methods" included complex diets, rituals, physical exercises, and so on. Ancient writings bear testimony to this desire to have children whose sex could be preplanned. The Rig Veda, for instance, advises him that would desire a male child to subsist on a diet of rice cooked in butter and eaten with honey. As for him that would beget a female offspring, rice cooked in sesame oil was a must!

Then again, in ancient Greece it was thought that the sperms of the right testis were responsible for male children, while those of the left testis were responsible for female children. We now know how untrue this is, but the Greeks evolved a complicated system for having babies of their own choice — when parents wanted a male child, the men were advised to tie off the left testis during intercourse, and when a female child was desired, the right one was tied off.

Beyond significantly reducing marital bliss, this method cannot have proved very effective. Of course, the chances of a male/female baby being 50-50 anyway, it might have even "worked" occasionally and given credence to this classic piece of quackery!

At any rate, modern medicine has now come up with what might be an answer to this perennial problem (which should not be a problem at all). Three scientists, working at the Institute of Research in Reproduction (IRR), of the Indian Council of Medical Research, Bombay, have — to quote a recent news report — "developed a new method which, they think may enable parents to choose the sex of their offspring."

This will be welcome news to those who hanker after male children (and there is unfortunately no dearth of them, especially in our country) and to all those expectant fathers who are fed up with that anxious-nail-biting -session -in -the-maternity-waiting-room syndrome! For, although the research is still at a theoretical level, it appears very likely that some time in the future, parents will be planning for a baby boy or a baby girl and not just a baby (perish the thought!).

THE NEW METHOD — SHADES OF FRANKENSTEIN?

The newly-discovered method was reported by Drs. Padma R. Shastry, Umashashi C. Hegde and Shanta S. Rao of the IRR in the prestigious British scientific journal, "Nature," some months ago. The scientists tried to separate human sperms into two components — those sperms which carry an X chromosome (and which will produce a female embryo on fertilising the ovum) and those sperms with a Y chromosome (which, after fertilisation, results in a male embryo).

First, pooled semen (got from volunteers) was suitably diluted and poured into test-tubes over a special solution called **Ficoll-sodium metrizoate.** Then the test-tubes were centrifuged — that is, arranged in the centrifuge machine and rotated at some thousands of revolutions per minute. After two such centrifugations, two different layers were got — an upper layer rich in X sperm and a lower one rich in Y sperm.

Theoretically, the stage is now set for a dramatic clinical application: if X-sperms alone can be "skimmed-off" after the above procedure, and used in Artificial Insemination (AI), preferably near the mother-to-be's ovulatory period, the result should be a female child. Similarly, if Y-sperms alone can be separated, their used in AI will produce a baby boy!

Unfortunately, there are some stumbling blocks in the way of such a successful clinical application. The biggest is that the above technique **does not ensure a 100 per cent separation of the X and Y sperms.** (The yield of X-sperm from the upper layer was about 77 per cent and that of Y-sperm from the sediment about 82 per cent.

Also, due to the centrifugation, the motility and viability of the sperms were slightly reduced, though there were no structural abnormalities. Therefore, it needs to be stressed that a lot of research will have to be done before a 100 per cent separation of the two kinds of sperms is achieved. Only then can a foolproof way of having a baby boy or girl by way of AI be perfected.

If a sperm with an X chromosome fertilises an ovum (with an X chromosome) the embryo will be genetically "XX," that is, female. Similarly if a sperm with a Y chromosome fertilises an ovum, the embryo will be genetically "XY," that is, male. Normally, because the X-sperms and the Y-sperms are almost equal in number, the chances of either type of sperm making it first to the ovum are even. Now, however, the method reported paves the way for an exciting field of research, with the total separation of 'male' and 'female' sperms as its objective. When this is achieved, the utilisation of only "X-sperms" or only "Y-sperms" should, through AI, enable parents to have a baby boy or girl, as the case may be.

Incidentally, some months ago, a science magazine had reported that a British scientist named John Pollard had perfected a "sex-selector" kit for the same purpose. This was based on the principle that "male" sperms are more motile in an alkaline medium, which inhibits the motility of "female" sperms. The kit consisted of two gels having a definite PH (a measure of acidity/alkalinity). The alkaline gel would ensure that a "male" sperm would fertilise the ovum, while the acidic gel ensured that a "female" one did so. Pollard claimed an 80 per cent success rate with his "sex-selector" kit.

The technique of "amniocentesis" has also been used, though in a somewhat circuitous way. Amniocentesis involves the drainage of amniotic fluid (a fluid that surrounds the foetus in the womb) and microscopical

Continued on Page 41

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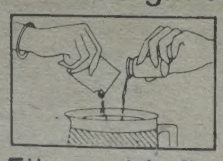

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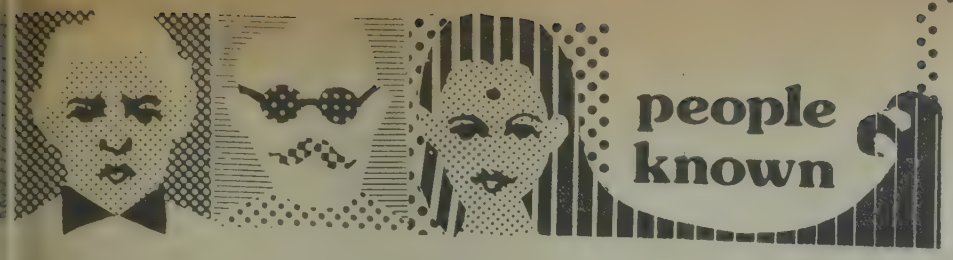


When Prime Minister **Kaiser Matanzima** of Transki vowed "never to appoint a woman to the Cabinet again" and threw out Mrs. Stella Sigcan, his Interior Minister, from her post, he did not know that he was playing with fire. The P. M. was incensed over the behaviour of his Minister who, despite being a widow, became pregnant. Taking the view that Ministers should not let scandals be created about their personal life, he forced the Minister to tender her resignation, and thought he had ended the affair at the Governmental level at least.

He was wrong. The outraged Minister, claiming that she had done no wrong, and that the ancient tradition of "Ukungana" allowed her to have an affair despite her widowhood, set out to wage a political battle against the Prime Minister. Heading a defection by 16 members of the ruling party, she formed an opposition party, which has seriously questioned the ruling party's right to rule. This is the first time in several years that Mr. Matanzima's leadership has been questioned.

* * *

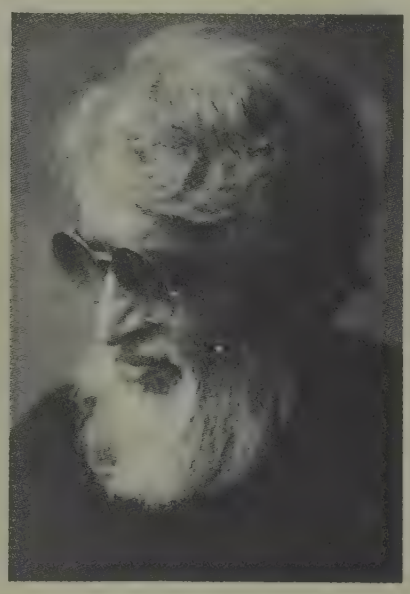
The Nightingale of India is on the wing again. **Lata Mangeshkar** has recently embarked on a tour of Africa. Her first stop was Kenya, where

she was presented with a typically Kenyan painting by the Mayor of Nairobi, Andrew Ngumba, who expressed his pleasure at the fact that Kenya was the first stop on her tour.

This is Lata's first ever visit to Africa, and if the welcome, the reception and the response she evoked in the U.S. and in the United Kingdom is any indication, Lata is bound to be a hit in Africa, too, at every performance. With music forming such a vital part of their culture, the Africans will surely fall under the spell of her voice. One more achievement is in the stars for India's reigning melody queen.

* * *

Husain has gone austere again. Breaking temporarily away from the folksy gaiety of his recent paintings, the artist has put on a new mood, so to say. A mood sober and sedate, reminiscent of the mood of his Mecca painting series. The new mood was on display at the Pundole Art Gallery, Bombay, in a series of 30-odd paintings in water



colour. The subject of the paintings: the Islamic theme of "sufi." The paintings were in the form of variations on the Quranic calligraphy, lucid water colours that were completely unselfconscious and uninhibited, according to critics, despite the limited scope of the subject. There was the usual depth and clarity seen in most of M. F. Husain's work, and a new dimension of arabesques and Arabian-looking landscapes, to add to the appeal.

* * *

Another great honour has been bestowed on Nobel prize-winning scientist, **Dr. Hargobind Khorana.** And this time the honour comes from no less a personage than the Pope himself. The Indian-born scientist is one of the 14 members who have been appointed to the Pontifical Academy of Sciences. Whatever other status and benefits the new "appointment" may give to Khorana, the greatest thrill must be in the fact that he qualified for it. The 400-year-old Academy is a very close and select group of members chosen by the Pope, and the list of its members represents the cream of scientists the world over.

* * *

Courage, grit and determination made them do the impossible. Climbers **Peter Habler** (35) and **Reinhold Messner** (33), despite initial defeat, managed to create mountaineering history when they set foot on the summit of Mount Everest without the help of oxygen masks. Indeed a unique feat, for the lack of oxygen at that height can dull the mind as well as make the limbs weary and unwilling — grave risks where mountain-climbing is concerned.

Yet, battling against nature itself, and holding their own against the treachery of storms and icy winds, the heroes made it to the top scarcely a week after the first attempt by Messner had been thwarted by an ice storm. Messner had been forced to abandon his attempt and rush back to a camp lower than the one he had left, which had been destroyed by the wind. But his plan held good, and he did not abandon hope. Which is what made the feat possible in the second attempt.

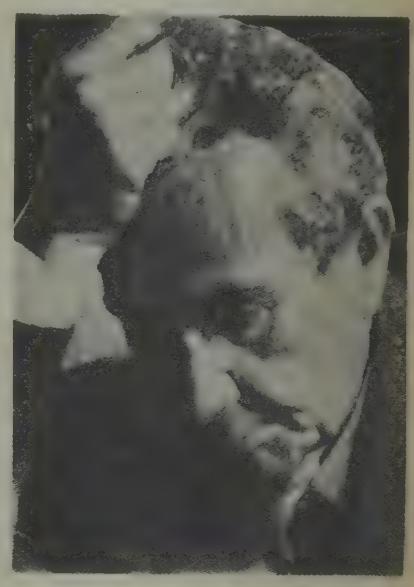
* * *

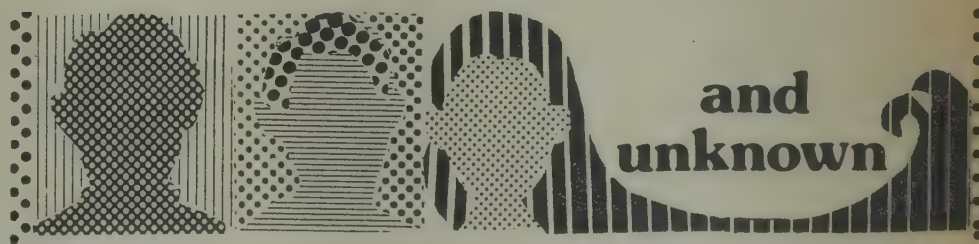
The inevitable happened. The former Italian Premier **Aldo Moro** was finally killed — martyred to the cause of law and order by the Red Brigade urban guerilla group which had held him captive since March 16.

The body of the ex-Premier, with four gunshot wounds on the chest, was found wrapped in blankets inside a parked car near the headquarters of the Christian Democratic and Communist parties near the central Piazza Venezia. Members of the former party were holding a meeting at the party headquarters when the body of their dead leader was found.

Moro's death has not made things easier for anybody. Especially not for the 13 jailed extremists who were the main cause for the kidnapping and subsequent murder of the ex-Premier. They, as much as their free gang members, are responsible for the murder, and will have to do their share of repentance for it.

* * *





Roshan Malanganwala, a teacher at St. Mary's High School, Pune, turned the tables on her students for a while. She did just what many of them might be used to doing — made others worry about her — and enjoyed herself in the meantime.

Miss Malanganwala lost track of her party of schoolgirls while on a trek on the Sonemarg mountains about 60 kms from Srinagar. She was missed quite late, and the worried schoolgirls alerted the police when their missing teacher did not turn up even when the bus was scheduled to leave for Srinagar. A frantic search resulted, with 50 policemen and some army volunteers combing the wild-animal-infested area till late into the night, and then from early the next day. At noon, they found the missing teacher resting under a tree, "obviously enjoying herself." The adventure ended happily, though tamely, with all concerned enormously relieved.

Compiled by: Sathya Saran

walk in the shadows

PART ONE

Jayne Bauling

WALK IN THE SHADOWS **by Jayne Bauling was originally published by Mills & Boon Ltd, London (C Jayne Bauling 1978.)**

"Please, you've got to help me!"

The voice was young and breathless, but the cool hand grasping her arm didn't tremble. Nicola Prenn spun round to confront the person who implored her help. The girl was a stranger to her, as were so many of the people thronging her father's house this evening, waiting to see the New Year in. She suspected that many of them would be strangers to her father too.

"What is it?" she asked. She had slipped away to the verandah, finding the noise and heat inside overwhelming, hoping for solitude, only to be accosted in this way with a demand for help.

"It's my fiance, you see," was the explanation. "He's followed me here — I suppose my parents told him where I'd gone. I've just seen him come in. It won't be so bad if he thinks I'm on my own, just looking for a bit of fun, but if he suspects that I came with Todd, I'll be in real trouble. He knows Todd, and doesn't approve of him at all."

Nicola's eyes narrowed. "Would that be Todd Baxter?" she enquired.

"Yes, do you know him?"

"Slightly."

He was an acquaintance of her father's — hanger-on would be a more appropriate term, Nicola thought cynically. Robert Prenn was a generous-hearted man, giving his friends a good time, and Todd Baxter was always ready to take advantage of that open-handed generosity. She had met him once or twice when he had called on her father, but she hadn't known he was here tonight. She knew that there was a wife somewhere in the background, and she felt sorry for the woman who was left without her husband, even on New Year's Eve. Nicola didn't care for Todd. It wasn't so much that he was evidently unfaithful to his wife — it was the way he mocked her, making people laugh at her expense, that caused Nicola to despise the man.

She wondered if this girl knew he was married.

"It's all the better if you know Todd," the girl continued after a moment's thought. "I don't know who you are, but I noticed earlier that you seemed to be on your own, so you won't mind helping me, will you?'

"That depends on what you want me to do," Nicola said carefully. It was an odd situation being required to help someone who was a total stranger to her.

"It's this; just pretend you're with Todd for a few minutes. Then my fiance will think that if Todd is with you, I've been on my own for the evening, although he'll know Todd brought me here. That way, he won't have too much to be angry about... just my going off in search of some fun," the girl added with a smile, and her young face was suddenly curiously mature.

"Why should I help you?" she asked curiously.

"Please. You must," came the reply, and the desperate young urgency had returned to the girl. She made a dramatic gesture. "He'll be so furious with me if he thinks I've been with Todd all evening. Please help me by pretending Todd is your partner. It only requires a few minutes' play acting. I'll tell Todd — he'll understand!"

It couldn't matter, after all. Todd was an acquaintance of her father's, and she would probably never meet the girl and her fiance again. The girl obviously cared about maintaining her relationship with the man, so she would give her assistance and just hope that this fright would prevent her from getting into trouble again.

"Thank you," the girl breathed, her tawny eyes sparkling. "You're a darling! Now listen, my fiance hasn't seen me yet, so I'll just pop in and tell Todd what we're going to do, and you can follow in a minute and take him off somewhere as if he was your exclusive property."

What a way to spend New Year's Eve! Nicola thought as she prepared to leave the peaceful verandah: first wilting and bored among a crowd of people who were mostly strangers; now manoeuvred into playing a devious game for the sake of a young woman who was probably eminently capable of looking after herself. So different from Christmas which they had spent with her mother's family in Natal. Her brother Clive and his young wife had come down from Rhodesia and there had been only the family present to share the festivities. But by Boxing Day, Robert Prenn had been tired of the green South Coast and its gentle scenery, and Nicola had returned with him to the house in northern Johannesburg which was within easy reach of the Magaliesberg, that range which had inspired all Robert's most dramatic paintings.

Nicola entered the house reluctantly, narrowing her eyes against the haze of smoke which hung over the big lounge. Chatter and laughter, some of it unnaturally high-pitched, assaulted her ears as she looked about for Todd Baxter.

This was a ridiculous situation in which she had involved herself, she realised as she caught sight of Todd and started to make her way towards him.

Feeling rather foolish, she laid a hand on his arm and smiled up at the man who was an occasional visitor when Robert Prenn was at home. Nicola had little experience of acting and the action was an effort, so she hoped the wrathful fiance was watching. That would make it worthwhile.

"Ah, Nicola!" Todd Baxter returned her smile, imprisoning the hand she had placed on his arm. "Denise didn't tell me it would be you."

"Is that her name? I don't think she knows who I am," Nicola replied, still smiling over-brightly in case the fiance was looking on.

"She picked the right person anyway," Todd said appreciatively. "In more ways than one. Your father has spoken of your inability to leave well alone."

Todd released her hand and slipped an arm about her waist. It cost Nicola a great deal to refrain from recoiling visibly. It wasn't that Todd Baxter was in any way physically repulsive. He was moderately presentable, a man of about 30 with light brown eyes and floppy brown hair, but she couldn't forget some of the cruel things he had said about his wife. If a man left his wife, Nicola believed he ought to redeem the action by having the courtesy never to run her down in front of other people. But of course, Todd hadn't permanently left his wife. "I can't afford to," he had said once. "She holds the purse-strings."

"This is an unexpected bonus," he was telling her now. "I think it's a favourable omen for the New Year."

"Where do we go from here?" Nicola demanded, wholly unresponsive to the charm he was attempting to employ.

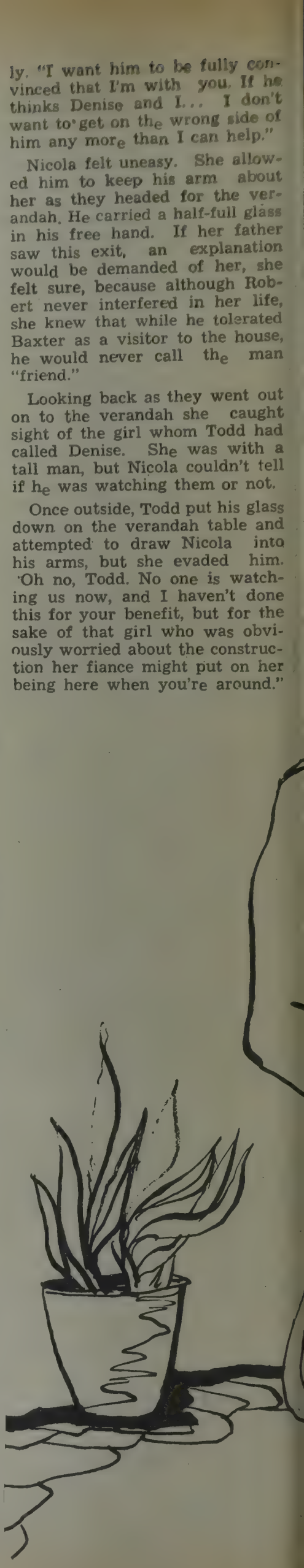
"We can't continue smiling inanely at each other, with your arm draped around my waist. We must look ridiculous. Won't this Denise's fiance be satisfied with the picture we've already presented?"

"Oh, not yet," Todd said quickly. "I want him to be fully convinced that I'm with you. If he thinks Denise and I... I don't want to get on the wrong side of him any more than I can help."

Nicola felt uneasy. She allowed him to keep his arm about her as they headed for the verandah. He carried a half-full glass in his free hand. If her father saw this exit, an explanation would be demanded of her, she felt sure, because although Robert never interfered in her life, she knew that while he tolerated Baxter as a visitor to the house, he would never call the man "friend."

Looking back as they went out on to the verandah she caught sight of the girl whom Todd had called Denise. She was with a tall man, but Nicola couldn't tell if he was watching them or not.

Once outside, Todd put his glass down on the verandah table and attempted to draw Nicola into his arms, but she evaded him. 'Oh no, Todd. No one is watching us now, and I haven't done this for your benefit, but for the sake of that girl who was obviously worried about the construction her fiance might put on her being here when you're around."



Again he put his arms about her and this time Nicola was unable to avoid him, finding the wall behind her. She glared furiously at him and his face was alien in the yellow lighting. She was surprised by his persistence tonight. He had never taken much notice of her before. But then he had never seen her so made-up, or wearing such a scanty dress before. She had always been in the jeans she wore for working when he had previously called on her father.

"You could ruin this girl's engagement," she couldn't resist admonishing him. Nicola Prenn wanted to see everybody's lives turn out as satisfactorily as her own had done.

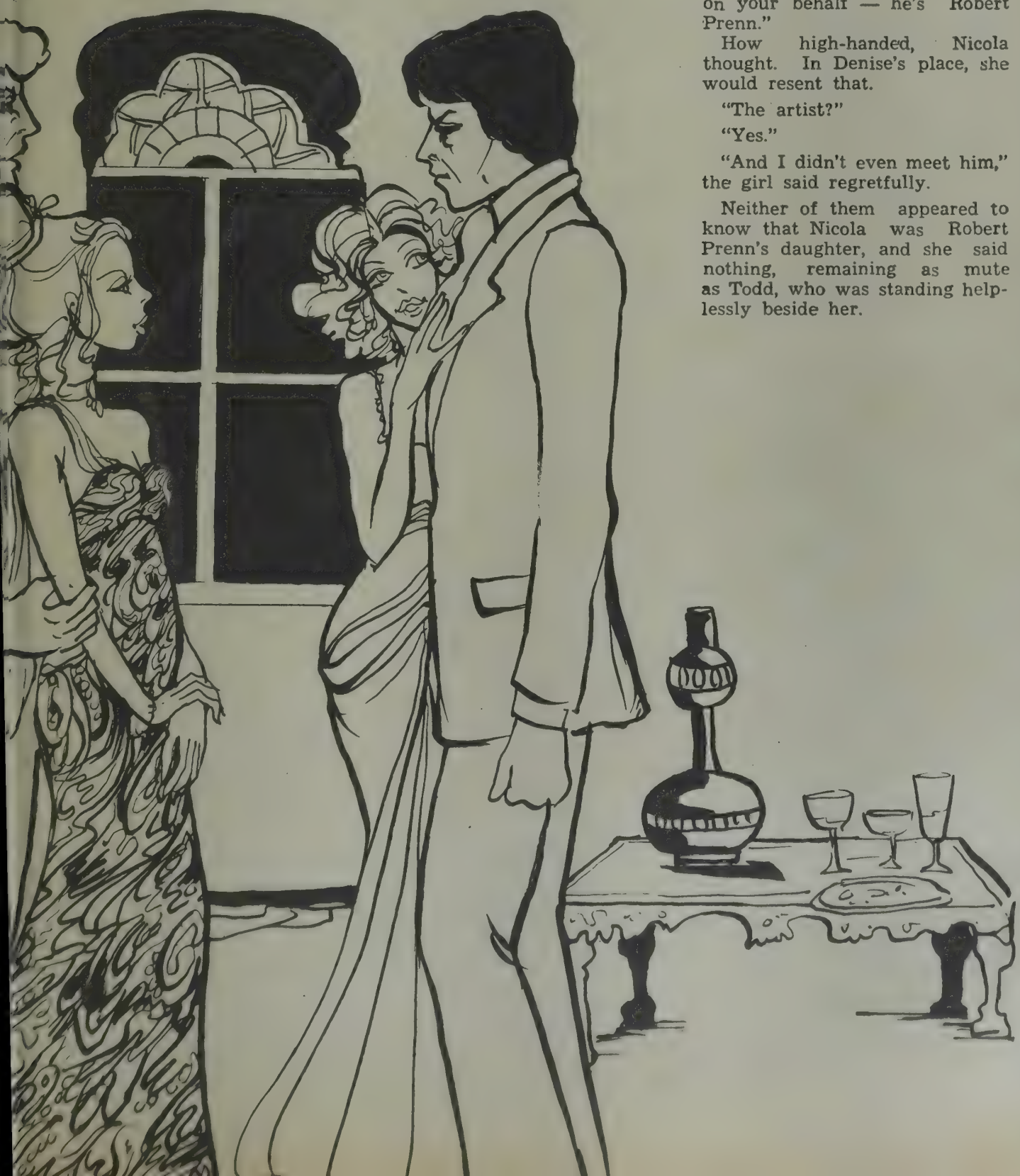
"I don't think she'd allow me to do so," Todd said, drawing her closer to him, and Nicola found it impossible to break free of his clasp.

The six-part serialisation beginning this week tells the story of Nicola Prenn, an irrepressible do-gooder, and Barak Sorensen, who disapproves of her

"And what about your wife?" she demanded after struggling vainly for a while.

She felt an urge to slap him when he laughed and stated, "Oh, Hilary keeps me in the style to which I'm accustomed."

He released her abruptly as a sound came from behind him.



Mortified, Nicola stared at the willowy Denise Graeme and the tall, powerfully built man beside her. He possessed a satanic darkness of hair and skin, so that the ice-grey eyes presented an almost frightening contrast, and it was those eyes rather than anything else about him which drew the attention.

"Didn't expect to see you here tonight," Todd addressed the man awkwardly.

"Evidently," was the coldly indifferent reply. "However, you needn't let my presence worry you. Denise and I will be leaving in a minute. I just wanted to assure myself of something."

"Shall we go, darling?" Denise asked, slipping her arm through the man's. "They can't want us here. I'm afraid I can't thank our hosts because I don't know who they are. You know how it is at these parties."

"I do," the man agreed. "And I've already thanked your host on your behalf — he's Robert Prenn."

How high-handed, Nicola thought. In Denise's place, she would resent that.

"The artist?"

"Yes."

"And I didn't even meet him," the girl said regretfully.

Neither of them appeared to know that Nicola was Robert Prenn's daughter, and she said nothing, remaining as mute as Todd, who was standing helplessly beside her.

They were gone, a beautiful young girl and an overwhelmingly scornful man, leaving Nicola clenching her fists.

She had never felt so humiliated in her life. How much had they overheard before she and Todd had become aware of the pair's presence? She tried to recollect... Nicola's mouth turned down ruefully. Her last words to Todd had been the traditional question women had put to men down the ages: "What about your wife?"

Nicola joined her father and remained close to him until after they had seen the New Year in, trying to lose herself in the discussion on Matisse.

But as soon as the noisy gathering had hilariously exchanged New Year wishes and kisses, Nicola retired to her own part of the house. She had a tiny flatlet which her father had had added to the building when her brother Clive had married while still a student, and had required a place where he and his young wife could set up a home without too much expense. Nicola had been the occupant for three years now, ever since Clive had qualified and taken a post in Bulawayo, while Alison continued her studies through Unisa.

She was grateful for the fact that she wouldn't have to cook a full scale New Year dinner for her father and herself. They had been invited to dine with friends who lived out at Honeydew.

Before leaving, her father invited her into the room he had turned into a private den for himself. It led off his untidy studio.

Robert provided his daughter with a gin and tonic and helped himself to a beer, and they settled down in the comfortable armchairs he had chosen for his room.

Robert looked across at his daughter as he raised his glass. "The hottest day of the year so far," he commented.

"The ony day of the year so far," Nicola laughed.

"I think it will be a good year for us both, my darling daughter," Robert said. "I feel it."

"Then it will be," she replied. "You believe you have a divine right to happiness, don't you?"

"I suppose people who've met with success often start to feel like that," he said thoughtfully. "But it doesn't always work out."

"Did you enjoy the party?" he asked suddenly, staring at Nicola very hard.

She smiled her special diplomatic smile, knowing she had no hope of fooling him, and said, "Yes, thank you."

Robert said, "I wanted to talk to you. Nicola, I have a commission for you."

"Dad!" Nicola sighed. Her father was welcome to criticise her

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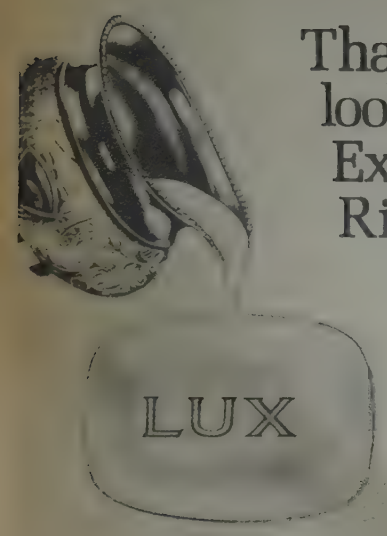

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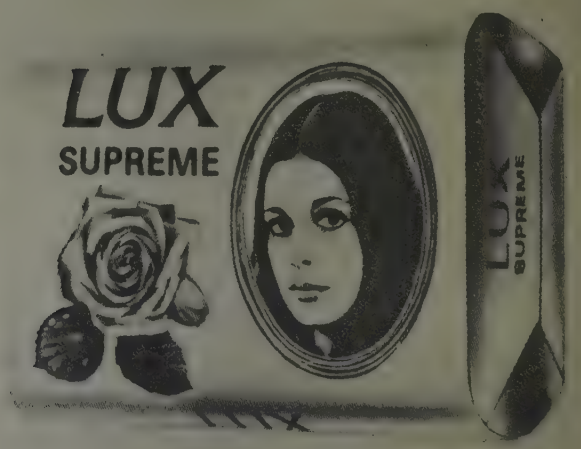

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walk in the shadows

work and he often did so, wholly unmerciful in his strictures, but there was an unspoken agreement between them that she should go her own way, accepting no help from him, making her way up alone.

"No, listen, darling," he said hastily. "I want you to accept this. It means going to the Northern Transvaal — the Soutpansberg and the Piesanghoek area. You know how I've always said you ought to see that part of the country. Look at that picture here — Blaauberg — though that's not really near Piesanghoek. Some years ago I spent some wonderful few months in that area. Incredibly beautiful country!"

"Then why don't you take this commission, whatever it is?" Nicola demanded.

He shook his head. "I feel it's something you should try."

She asked, "What is it?"

"A portrait." Robert sounded sheepish, as well he might, Nicola thought.

"Dad!" She was even more reproachful this time. "You know I can't do portraits. I don't like them any more than you do. I prefer mountains."

"Then you'll be the poorer for that," Robert said firmly. "Listen, Nicola, I've accepted on your behalf. This man, Barak Sorensen, was at the party last night. He said his old uncle had expressed a wish to have me do his portrait."

"How vain!" Nicola snapped.

"Maybe. Anyway, I told Sorensen that I couldn't do the painting, but he seemed agreeable when I told him you would do it."

"Charming! And I suppose you conveniently forgot to mention that your daughter is no more a portraitist than you are?"

"Old Traugott Sorensen had a citrus farm in the Nelspruit area but had sold it when he retired. He only had a daughter, and neither she nor her husband wanted it, and the nephew had already inherited this avocado place from his father — Traugott's brother."

"Did the nephew tell you all this last night?"

Robert shook his head. "I heard some of it when I was up in the Soutpansberg."

"And is it Barak or his uncle who will be paying me?" Nicola enquired.

Robert spread his hands. "I've no idea," he said vaguely. "The nephew put the proposition to me, but he did say that the portrait had been Traugott's own idea. You'll find out when you get there, I expect."

Nicola set out for the Northern Transvaal on the morning following the Twelfth Night. She had written to the Sorensens after deciding the date for her journey so that they would know when to expect her. She had been in two minds as to whom she should write to: Traugott Sorensen, her prospective subject, or Barak Sorensen who had put the proposition to her father. In the end she had decided to address the letter to Traugott. She drove down in her Volkswagen, enjoying the glorious freedom of the open spaces.

She got lost only once in attempting to find the Sorensens' farm, and stopped to enlist the aid of the African proprietor of a tiny, dim store.

She was surprised to find how near the farm she was, and soon she was through the first gate and travelling up a steep, bumpy lane.

Passing a copse of trees, Nicola was so startled by the child who ran out into the lane that she nearly winded herself, slamming on the brakes.

Nicola had had a big enough fright to be angry, and her face was pale as she got out of the car and approached the little girl who was now hovering on the grass verge, staring unblinkingly at her with undisguised curiosity in her strange shadowy grey eyes.

"Well, honestly, you might have more care when you cross roads, even if this is on private property," Nicola said, and her voice wobbled slightly. She hadn't yet recovered from her fright. "I might have knocked you over. Who are you?"

"Melanie Sorensen. What's your name?"

"Nicola Prenn."

"What have you come here for? They will not want you."

Nicola wondered what that meant. "I've come to paint one Mr. Traugott Sorensen."

"Uncle Traugott, my great-uncle. But he won't let you paint him. He wants some man to do that, and you're just a lady, though your name is almost like a man's," the child said calmly.

"Well, they know I'm coming," Nicola said easily. "Shouldn't you be getting home? The sun will be setting in a few minutes and they'll wonder where you are."

"It doesn't matter. They don't mind." It sounded forlorn, somehow, but the little face remained devoid of expression.

"Is Mr. Barak Sorensen your father?" she asked.

"My uncle. I haven't got a father. Or a mother. I was five, and they got killed. I'm nine now."

"And are there just you, and your uncles Traugott and Barak?" Nicola enquired. If there were only the two men, that might explain why the little girl was wandering alone, far from the farmhouse, when nightfall was so close at hand. Two men on their own, one elderly, might unwittingly neglect a child.

"There's Aunt Ellen."

"Uncle Barak's wife?"

Melanie shook her head. "Uncle Traugott's. She's old, but not as old as him. Uncle Barak hasn't got a wife, but I think he's going to marry my auntie."

"Would you like to ride back to the house with me? Won't Aunt Ellen be worried about you?"

Melanie shook her head. "I don't think so," she said gravely. "I'll go back soon, though."

"Goodbye, then," said Nicola, starting up the engine. She wasn't happy about leaving the little girl, but perhaps her guardians, as she presumed the adult Sorensens to be, believed in giving children as much freedom as possible.

Nicola brought the Volkswagen to a halt in front of wide steps leading to the big veranda, and got out. As she did so, someone appeared at the double doors which opened into the house, and she went quickly up the stairs, smiling.

Then suddenly Nicola was no longer smiling and her hand had gone to her mouth. Of all people . . . unforgotten, for it was only a week since she had last seen him. The appraising grey eyes and powerful physique were only too familiar. Hadn't the memory of this man and the girl, Denise Graeme, who was his fiancee, caused her to burn with humiliation over and over again in the last few days?

The atmosphere between them was taut, and the tension needed easing. But what, she wondered, could she say?

(To be continued)

Mills and Boon books are available at all leading bookshops and the Macmillan Company of India Ltd.

QUIZ

HEGMAN

1. Who is the only Cabinet Minister in the Union Cabinet who does not belong to the Janata Party?

2. What do the French call the English Channel?

3. A more scientific word, please, for one's gullet.

4. From what country do we get the word "thug"?

5. The 1980 Summer Olympics will be held in Moscow, where will the 1980 Winter Olympics be held?

6. Where should the word "I" appear on a formal invitation?

7. Which of Snow White's seven dwarfs was beardless?

8. Name four consonants, that simply lettered look the same upside down.

9. Who defined man as a two-legged animal without feathers?

10. Which famous mountain was once called Peak 15 and is referred to as "Komolungma"?

11. Which famous singer of the 1950s launched the twist?

12. Which useful substance is counted in reams and quires?

13. Which is the oldest hockey tournament in India today?

14. Who is or was Krishna Huttesing?

15. What does an Ichthyologist study?

16. Which famous World War II German general was known as "The Desert Fox"?

17. Which two cities, according to the Bible, were destroyed because they were symbols of Evil?

Answers

1. Agriculture Minister, Mr. Surjit Singh Barnala (Akali Dal).
2. La Manche.
3. Oesophagus.
4. India.
5. Lake Placid (U.S.A.).
6. Nowhere. Always, the 3rd person is used.
7. Dopey.
8. H, N, S, X.
9. Plato.
10. Mount Everest.
11. Chubby Checker.
12. Paper.
13. The Beighton Cup in Calcutta (1895).
14. Pandit J. Nehru's sister. The other one being Mrs. V. Pandit.
15. Fishes.
16. Field Marshall Erwin Rommell.
17. Sodom and Gomorah.

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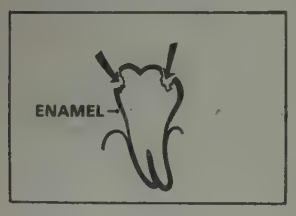

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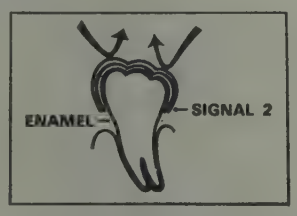
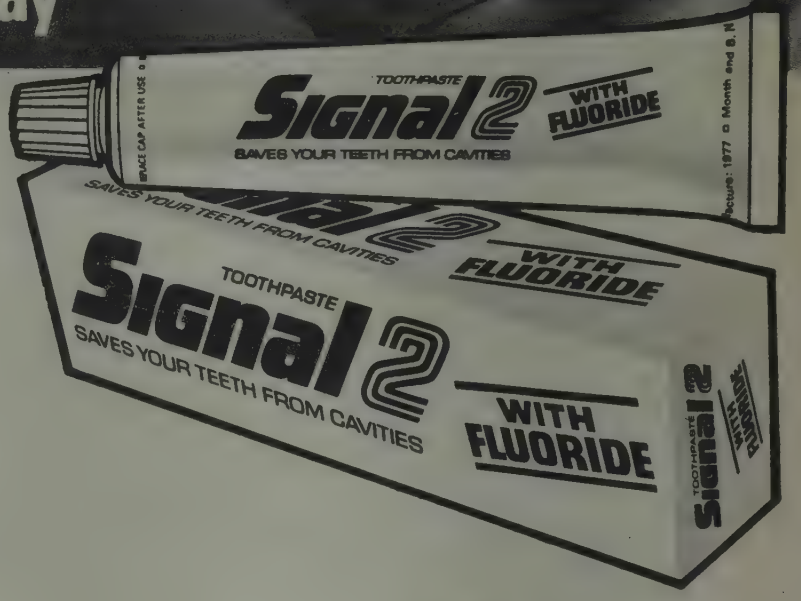


Signal 2 has the most effective fluoride formula to stop mouth acids from penetrating teeth and causing decay.



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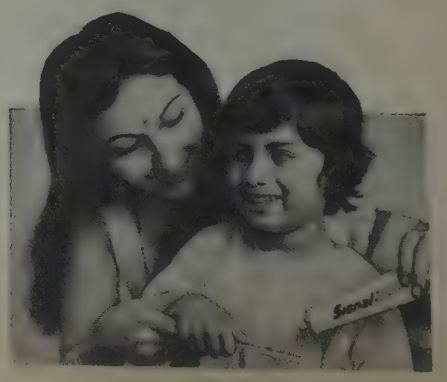

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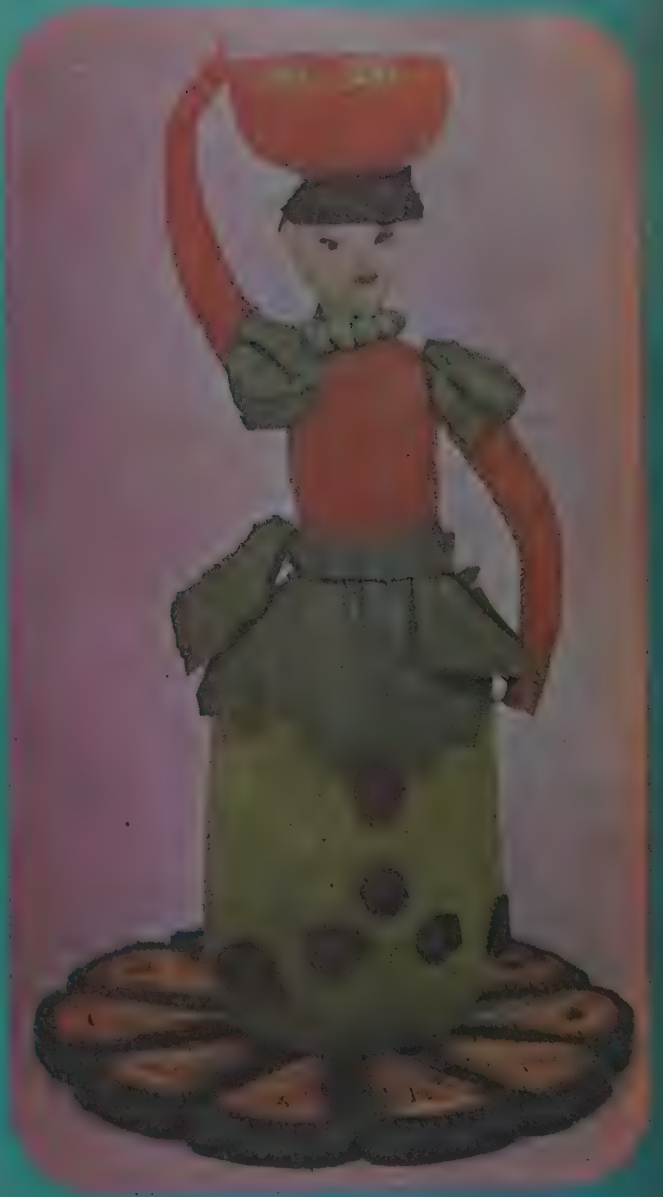
The eye-catching arrangements featured here are by Ujwala Jagtap from Bombay who own the Eve's Weekly Rolling Cup in the 19th Annual Vegetable, Fruit and Flower Show organised by the Friends of Trees. She won three prizes in the competition.

Ujwala is studying for her M.Sc. She is a good sportswoman and has represented the Bombay University in the All-India Folk Dance Competition held in Jaipur last year.



Photographs : Farokh Kapadia

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MASTER CRAFTSWOMAN BATTOBAI

Situated in an otherwise obscure place in Gwalior called Huzrat Road is a dilapidated building with a board at the entrance carrying the legend, "Battobai Dolls."

Battobai, a frail, pleasant-looking, wheatish complexioned woman of about fifty years of age, belongs to a family of handicraft artists. She learnt the technique of doll-making from her mother when she was only nine. Her mother and grandmother were known for making special types of folk dolls and toys with bamboo sticks, dressed up in traditional costumes.

Battobai has further improvised on the folk dolls and toys with her own touch and ingenuity. There is, for example, a Raja-Rani pair on which, with rich imagination, she has extensively used the fashions in costumes and jewellery that were in vogue in the then Gwalior State. She has characterised them in such a masterly manner that the Raja-Rani pair has been popularly named the "Battobai Dolls," a rare tribute.

She won the national award as Master Craftswoman in the year 1967. This was her first major public recognition. After the award, she started getting invitations to participate in the national handicrafts exhibitions held from time to time and also encouragement from the government and the public. Her works are usually purchased by the

All India Handicrafts Board Emporium on orders.

Battobai was sent to the U.S.A. by the All India Handicrafts Board, along with two other master craftswomen in a group of seven folk artisans, to participate and demonstrate in a programme of folk music and folk crafts held in Washington in the second week of August 1976.

With the help of an interpreter, Battobai explained her art to people there. For eleven days Battobai made attractive dolls and toys out of a few bamboo sticks, bits of rags and pieces of coloured paper. She had taken enough raw materials with her for demonstrations as per the direction of the Government of India, which had arranged for the transportation of the same. In recognition, she was honoured by the Smithsonian Institution and the National Park Service with a certificate for her significant cultural contribution. She was also presented with two sarees. Her works were praised by newspapers and a demonstration was televised. She presented some dolls to children.

On her way back to India, she visited Berlin and participated in an All India Handicrafts Board exhibition from September 3 to 19, 1976. Her work was highly appreciated and she sold dolls worth Rs. 1500. The Germans were astonished to see her making dolls from rags. In appreciation, they presented her with a shawl and a wrist watch. The East German Arts Centre presented her a certificate.

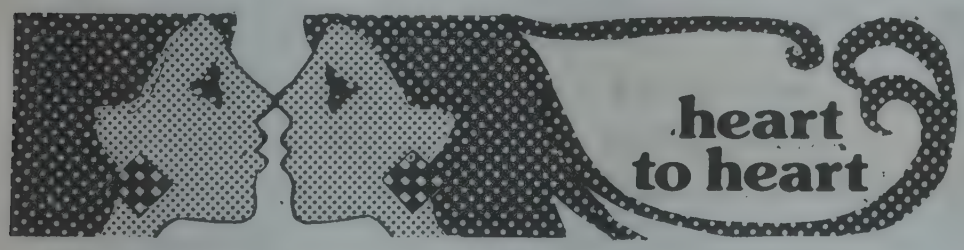
In the folder, "India presents the aesthetic pulse of a people," she was introduced in the following way:

"Even the tiniest festival anywhere in India will always have a sampling of home made dolls and folk toys. The ingredients — a stick or two bits of rags and pieces of paper held together with imagination — are not hard for any one to find, and time and patience are always plenty. So all pervasive is the skill that craft connoisseurs call the art an 'autobiography of the Indian people,' 'the anonymous collective mind expressing a millenia of tradition.' To stamp an indelible name within this field is therefore all the more creditable an achievement. It belongs to Battobai."

Though the Government has honoured her, she is not getting any financial assistance from either the centre or the state in getting raw materials at concession rates or monthly remuneration in recognition of the services she has rendered in popularising Indian handicrafts. Her daughters are also interested in this art and help her in making dolls. If they are encouraged by the government financially, this glorious tradition of Battobai dolls would be kept alive.

When asked to describe any funny incident which may have occurred in U.S.A., Battobai was ready: "It related to **paan**. I am a **paan** addict. Some Americans were delighted to see my lips go red as soon as I had taken a **paan**. A fellow offered me ten dollars and asked for it. I did not accept his money, and gave him one free. It is a symbol of Indian hospitality and culture. I told him, selling it would be against our glorious culture."

R. Swaminath



CONFIDE YOUR PERSONAL PROBLEMS TO DR. MABEL FONSECA C/O EVE'S WEEKLY. DR. FONSECA IS A LEADING MARRIAGE COUNSELLOR AND WILL ANSWER YOUR QUERIES EVERY FORTNIGHT

Don't Pressurise Him

GIVE HIM TIME

I am 21, in love with a young man of 29. We love each other deeply and want to get married as soon as possible. But he has a sister who has to get married first before his marriage as he is the eldest and the bread winner of the family. Secondly his sister's best friend is in love with him — it is a one-sided affair. As this girl's parents are of immense help to his family, his mother wants him to get married to the girl although she knows that her son is not at all interested in her. He is under great tension and has lost all interest in life. This is even affecting his career. I can't bear to see him suffering.

I had given him a time limit to make up his mind, because now it will be difficult to hide this affair from my parents. He wants things to be done gracefully so that both our parents will hold no grudge later on. His mother knows this but he is not bold enough to tell her and that girl frankly. Indirectly he did tell the girl about it but she says things will be all right once they get married.

I just cannot leave him. Do you think my sacrifice is the only solution to make him happy?

You are very young and can afford to wait for three to four years. This time gap will help as it will give this young man time to finish some of his commitments to the family. But before waiting, you must get an assurance from him that he will marry you. He must be firm about his choice and should convey his decision to his mother. The girl concerned should also be told not to wait for him. In case he agrees to all this, you should inform your parents that you will marry only him.

If he truly loves you he will honour all the commitments. Besides, you should let his mother and family members get to know you better. You must not be too self-centered and have him only to yourself, as he needs to help his family members too. You must be congenial to them and helpful so that when the time comes, they will accept you.

Let him decide what type of girl will suit him as one has to be practical when choosing one's mate. If sacrifice is needed on your part, you have to abide by his decision and make your future with some one else. Don't pressurise him or be over anxious — it will not help any of you. Time alone will help him make his decision.

SHE IS INSINCERE

I am 20 and fell in love with a girl of the same age. We lived together for eight months. Now she has fallen in love with another boy, who is her classmate and much smarter than me. I still love her very much. What should I do?

It appears that this girl only wants a good time. She does not seem to be the sincere type. For a more lasting companionship and marriage, it is better you choose someone who is faithful to you.

This love is only one-sided, therefore, it is best to try and forget her. You will get over your emotions gradually. It is better to go through the pain now than make yourself unhappy due to an unfaithful partner.

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

HOW DO I LOOK?
WELL - YOUR HAIR IS A BIT LONG -
YOU COULD USE A SHINE -
YOUR COAT IS SOILED -
YOU'VE GOT A LITTLE WRINKLE BACK HERE -
YOUR CUFFS ARE FRAYED -
ANYTHING ELSE?
JUST A MINUTE -
THERE'S A SPOT ON YOUR TIE -
YOU MISSED A LITTLE PLACE WHEN YOU SHAVED -
GOOD GRIEF!
WELL - IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT, STAY OUT OF THE KITCHEN -
1-15
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HA HA world of laughter

A trout stopped a herring one day and asked pleasantly, "How's your brother?" and received this rude response, "What am I? My brother's kipper?"

* * *

A wealthy man had a dog who had his own little dog-house complete with little furniture. A neighbour was looking at it one day and asked, "How does he keep it so clean?"

The owner said haughtily, "Oh, he has a French poodle come in once a week."

* * *

Telling the modern bride what she should know on her wedding night — is like giving a fish a bath.

* * *

Benny Goodman played his clarinet at the Andrew Goodmans' party. During the supper a lady was chatting with Goodman when someone shattered a champagne glass on the floor. "What was that?" the lady asked.

Goodman replied: "C-sharp."

* * *

A famous maestro had a tough time deciding whether to marry a very beautiful but stupid girl or a rather painful-looking creature who was blessed with a magnificent voice. Art triumphed. He married the soprano. The morning after their nuptials, he woke, took one look at his bride, nudged her and shouted, "For God's sake, sing."

* * *

"Psst," said the slimy looking man to the groom. "Do you have any photos of your wife in the nude?"

"Of course not," growled the groom.

"Want to buy some?" asked the slimy looking man.

* * *

A man visited a small town in Australia and asked one of the locals, "Does this town have any night life?"

"Yes," replied the local, "but she's ill today."

* * *

The two birds met for the first time on a tree and one of them said: "Bred any good rooks recently?"

* * *

There was a very high pitched scream from the operating theatre, and then the doctor's voice could be heard: "Nurse, I said to take off the patient's spectacles."

* * *

My husband is a very noisy eater. Last night we went to an exclusive cosy little club and when he drank his soup five couples got up to dance the cha-cha.

* * *

"Knock, knock."
"Who's there?"
"Machiavelli."
"Machiavelli who?"
"Machiavelli nice suit for seventy pounds."

* * *

When Mr. Mouse discovered his wife struggling helplessly in a bowl of water, he dragged her out and gave her mouse to mouse resuscitation.

* * *

Three Scotsmen were visiting London for a holiday on a Sunday and they went to Church. As the collection plate moved closer and closer to their pew, they became more and more worried.

Just before the plate reached them, one of the Scotsmen fainted and the other two carried him out of the church.

* * *

A cute debutante from St. Paul,

Wore a newspaper dress to a ball.

The dress caught on fire,
And burnt her entire,

Front page, sporting section, and all.

Compiled by George Fegradoe.

SHARMILA TAGORE:

"I HAVE MY PRIORITIES RIGHT"

N. Bharathi

Emancipated at a time when emancipation was not a popular word

I was taken aback when I heard that Sharmila was pregnant again. She already has a son and a daughter ...which is generally accepted as the ideal family. "Why are you shocked about it? I come from a family of three children and I always wanted three kids of my own. Yes, I planned this one. But after this (due in September) no more for me," said Sharmila.

Often, the 'S' in Sharmila's name has stood for snobbish, snooty, scheming and other uncomplimentary adjectives. Whatever the tag attached to her name, one thing that surprises me is that several of today's heroines like Zeenat and Parveen are considered to be the pioneers of independent, liberated women. But if you look closely, it was Sharmila Tagore who was the first really emancipated film girl. She came alone to Bombay and lived independently, handled her personal and professional life without helpful parents and ambitious brothers planning on her behalf and, finally, nobody can really recall any instance where her family members chaperoned or escorted her to any public function. And this was at a time when emancipation was not a popular word in the film industry.

It wasn't easy, leading a life so different from the style followed by the leading ladies of her generation. "I came to Bombay when I was hardly 19 years old. My parents had other children to look after. So I had to handle everything on my own. Besides, my father wasn't dependent on me. He's always had his own work to bother about. In Calcutta people knew the family well. They knew which school I went to, who my parents were, etc... It's different in the film industry today. You have girls from good families leading independent lives these days. This wasn't so when I first came here."

When Sharmila came along, unescorted, into the film industry, she toppled all the accepted norms of the then prevalent society. "At that time actresses didn't dance. But I danced at whatever was the equivalent of the 'Cellar' then. Actresses didn't smoke or drink (openly). They didn't go unescorted to parties and functions. And anyone who did was considered 'available'. I guess the natural result of my different life-style was that I got talked about quite a bit till people began to understand me better. There was gossip about me, in fact, quite a lot, at a time when gossip wasn't as hotly saleable as it is today."

It is often said that Sharmila is one of the lucky few who could eat her cake and have it too. The reference obviously is to the smooth handling of the personal and professional sides of her life. Gossip, the irregular hours and other little irritations are not major hurdles. "It's so personal really," she said. "It depends entirely on the understanding between two adults. Luckily for me I got a husband who didn't mind my working."

Her independent life-style, too, didn't affect the marriage in any way. "I have always believed in a middle path. I'm neither a prude nor am I totally permissive. I'm liberal about things that I know about and conservative about the things that I don't know about...I am quoting somebody else (what's new?) but this is how I really am."

Sharmila also points out that though she believed in doing her thing, she never did anything for shock value. "I never wanted to prove anything to others...It doesn't pay to stand at, say, the airport in a halter and smoke to attract attention."

How she has managed her life so well isn't really a mystery, she says. "I had my priorities right. I love my work and I'd like to continue working as long as I can. But it was always the family that came first and my career was only secondary to it. Every person wants something in life. I always wanted a home and that mattered to me more than anything else." Also, though acting became an interesting job for her after she grew up, it was never a passion for which she could sell anything.

"I was just 13 years old when I did my first film. I got thrown into it. I didn't have to go looking for a career. I got interested in it only much later. I'd like to keep working but without suffering any humiliation. Otherwise I'm happy doing good roles in good films and I have no hang ups about billing and things like that."

At the moment, Bhim Sain's "Doooriyan", Basu Bhattacharya's "Grihapravesh" and Manmohan Desai's "Desh Premee" are the films she is working in. "I'm happy working the way I am now. There's a lot more time for leisure."

Living in Bhopal after a hectic life in Bombay is also an experience which Sharmila doesn't quite mind. "I don't know how people can be bored. There's so much to learn and one life time isn't enough for it. Unless I don't get along well with someone, I treat every meeting as an experience from which I can learn something. In Bhopal, I can't expect to do the things which I can in Bombay. But every place has its positive side."

Finally, the most important and widely discussed question is whether Sharmila Tagore is really happy doing hardly three films and living away from a busy metropolis. In her own words, "I've always lived life as it came to me. I'm happy with things as and when they come to me. Little things please me no end. May be a flower arrangement which has come out well or the fact that I've made the chicken well. . ."

Well, if she's happy with her lot who are we to crib?

Photograph : Sanil

Big Beauty Breakthrough

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Like nothing you've used before

Lakmé Calamine. So smooth, so easy to spread. Only Lakmé Calamine comes in a choice of shades to give you a warm glow. Medicated to fight blemishes, only Lakmé Calamine is delightfully perfumed.

Does so much good for your skin. Baby's tender skin. A man's tough skin too.

Complete complexion care—Lakmé Calamine!

Smooth and glowing

Three exquisite shades

Delightfully perfumed

Lakmé — the people who know skin.

Lakmé

The price of inefficiency affects not the inefficient but some hapless victim

Meher Pestonji

My mother's left breast was removed for suspected cancer. Sliced off and flung into the hospital garbage on top of one man's guts, another's crushed amputated leg, someone else's kidney. All once living, pulsating flesh. Now just another piece of garbage like bloodstained cotton and soiled sanitary towels. Useless discarded garbage.

What made us angry was not so much the loss of the breast as the wrong diagnosis. A not unbearable pain, magnified out of proportion by meaningless tension, resulting in a drastic, senseless operation. It would have been different if the cancer had really existed. Then the operation would have been a painful necessity to safeguard life itself. But here the error was rooted in simple inefficiency where the price of the inefficiency affects not the inefficient but some other hapless victim. That's what made it stink.

In practical terms the breast was no longer needed. My mother was long past the child-bearing age, during which period it had amply served its purpose. And like all tradition-bound Hindu widows, she was supposed to be past caring about such cosmetic niceties as appearance. After the initial trauma, only a trifle more serious than those most of us suffer periodically, it was assumed she would get used to being one-breasted. It wasn't going to be a serious handicap like being one-armed or one-legged. These were constant reminders of being a cripple. With a one-side-padded bra, a missing breast could be forgotten. By most of us anyway. We'd only remember if she fell ill and had to be nursed or something. Of course, it was debatable whether she'd ever really forget. But she'd learn to live with it. Or without it.

Ironically, it was her good health that caused us to panic the way we did. She really was a strong woman, rarely caught any of the bugs going around — not even 'flu' during the monsoons when the whole neighbourhood was down sniffling. If she'd been the kind of person suffering one ailment after another, we'd have taken her first complaints more in our stride. But Amma's good health was as much a matter of fact as the old wrought-iron clothes-horse outside the bathroom where all of us hung out our underwear, nightsuits and **kurtas**. It didn't require any looking after — it was just there.

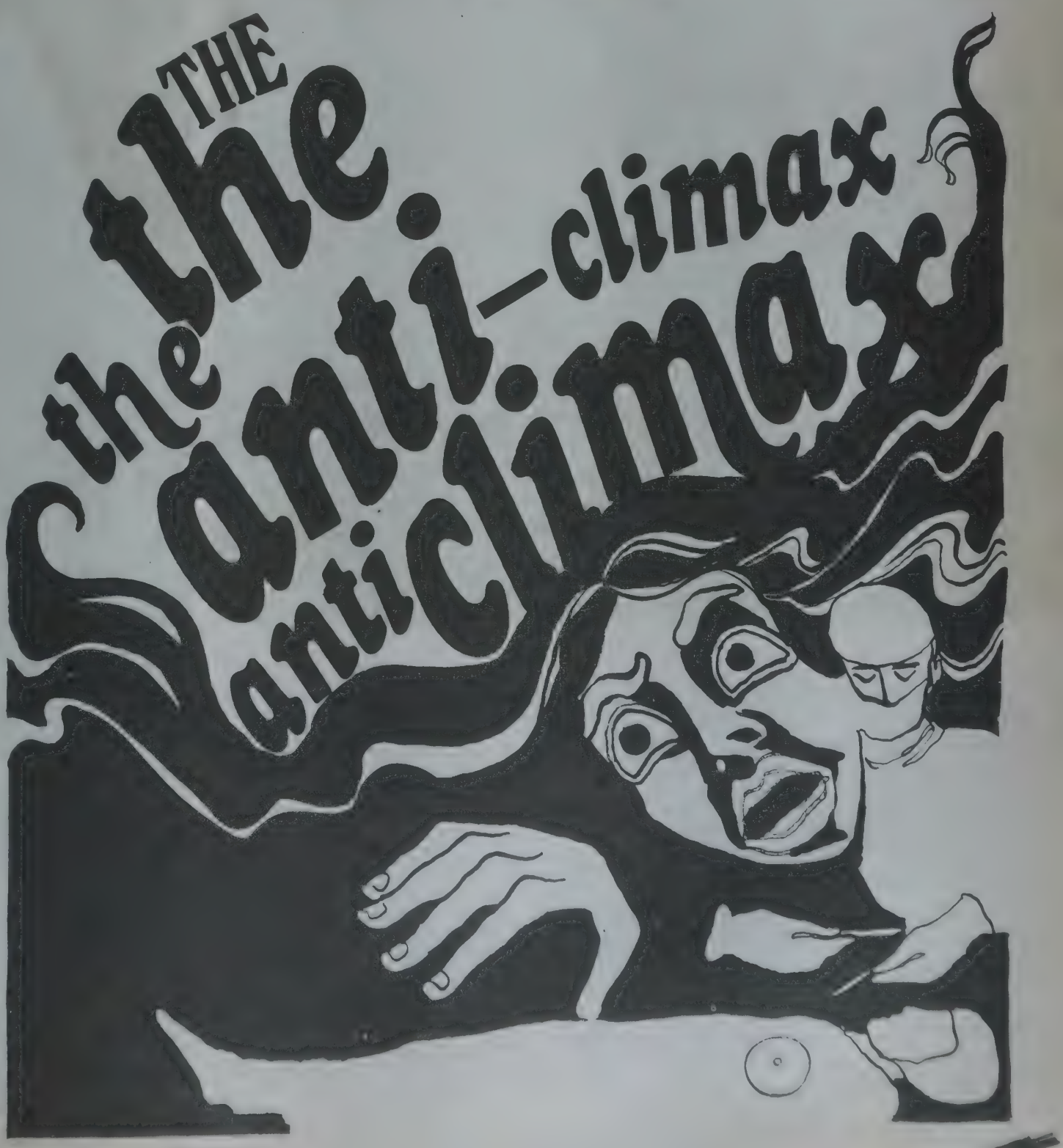
So one day when, just after her morning cup of tea, she lifted her hand into the folds of her saree and casually remarked there was a rather painful lump on the underside of her left breast, we were more than a trifle alarmed. As the eldest daughter, I assumed charge, insisted that she go to bed (though for the life of me I cannot imagine why), telephoned the doctor and generally took over running the house. She tried to laugh away our consternation, insisting on getting up to do the usual household chores, saying that since it wasn't very painful there was no reason for her to stay in bed. But is it ever possible to quell anxiety by reason?

When Dr. Kaushik, our family physician, arrived, on the surface everything appeared normal — except that both my sister Rekha and I were at home at 11 o'clock in the morning instead of being at work and college. If Dr. Kaushik noticed, he didn't comment. He'd known and treated our family since we were in diapers, but in all the years I don't remember him ever being summoned to treat Amma. He came in chatting as usual, asked Rekha about the university examinations, talked of the forthcoming assembly elections, and of the difficulties his wife was having in obtaining good quality **dal** and **masala** now that the Sahakari Bhandar employees were on strike. All this while his fingers were skilfully poking and prodding the source of our anxieties. We followed him apprehensively as he straightened up and went towards the bathroom to wash his hands. I may have imagined it, but I thought I noticed the lines of tension tightening around his mouth as he reached for the clean, striped napkin I had placed on the shelf. Instead of making a diagnosis or prescribing a course of treatment, he said he'd like us to consult a specialist for a second opinion.

Now we were thoroughly unnerved. It was quite unlike Dr. Kaushik to be laconic. We wanted to probe, to question him further, but he didn't even wait to have the glass of **nimbu-pani** we offered. He walked straight out to his car saying he'd be late reaching his consulting rooms, advising us once again to make an appointment with Dr. Marlin Verghese as soon as possible.

Dr. Verghese was dour-faced and somber, a man of very few words. He only hemmed, hawed, grunted a few times and seemed to withdraw further into himself. After what seemed like forever, he sighed, sank into the deep swivel chair behind his desk, scribbled on a note-pad, and dismissed us by sending us to the Bombay Hospital for

Continued on page 27



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SILHO

Fashion declares an open season on prints and textures . . . a captivating new era, throbbing with spontaneous spirit of the '70's . . . personified by the vibrant or sophisticated colours and oriental influenced designs on synthetic blend silk, satins and georgettes. They are inspired by the easy-care for busy-life eves and cunningly created for beautiful illusion in a most defying manner. They are flirty, feminine look to wear for the cool months ahead — filled with excitement from day to night when you keep 'him' guessing with that uncrushed, unruffled look! So, sing it out or say it softly in sarees, salwar-kameez, evening dress or georgeous caftan right away.

Courtesy : Ambika Silk Mills Co., Ltd., Bombay.

HING
ETTES!

LEFT: Fascinatingly designed with skill and sassy spirit! A nylon crimp sparkling saree in cream with green and black border is styled into an evening dress with Empire line bodice and strapped halter neck; while a nylon crimp satin saree is dramatic in orange and purple print fashioned into an Arabian caftan rouched at the front.

CENTRE: Naturally at ease! A white gajji satin saree is beautifully printed in dark pink and turquoise tiny paisleys all over and has a bird and foliage designed rich border and pallav. The other in green and black diagonal floral stripes over cream background nylon crimp georgette has traditional pallav.

RIGHT: Fresh and lively look! A blue-black-white square designed nylon satin salwar-kameez has mandarin neckline and off-centre opening, piped in white and a matching printed georgette dupatta. A white crimp georgette saree abloom with purple, pink and yellow stylised floral print looks devastatingly fetching worn with a halter neck choli.

Photographs : Pankaj Shah.

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Pour it...
Thicken with it...
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Set it. Set Brown & Polson Custard Powder and you get a big, luscious Blancmange. Top with nuts, fruit...anything goes!

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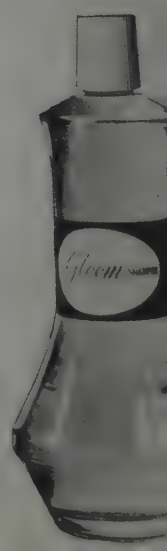
Makes normal, healthy hair silky, clean, manageable	Nourishes lifeless hair to give it luxuriant body and health with pure egg protein	Cleans problem hair, loose scales, itchy scalp



Gleem recommended by leading hairdressers

THE ANTI-CLIMAX

Continued from page 23

blood and urine tests. All this without proferring a single comment. Leaving Amma in the waiting room I went back into the office to consult Dr. Verghese privately.

For just a minute he looked me straight in the eye, a deep frown furrowing his heavy brow, as he tried to gauge my ability to endure the impact of the shock. Playing for time, he pulled out a brown handkerchief that looked neither clean nor dirty from his pocket, and wiped his forehead and the corners of his mouth for imaginary sweat because he could see I was sweating profusely. He opened his mouth to speak, then changed his mind picking up a pipe and proceeding to fill it with tobacco instead.

I waited, fervently hoping I was maintaining a calm exterior composure. The turmoil churning within me had tied my intestines into tight knots, so that even an attempt to swallow saliva was strangulating. At last he cleared his throat, took off his spectacles, placed them diagonally across the note-pad on his desk and once again lifted his eyes to my face.

"Your mother has a tumour in her left breast which I suspect may be malignant. We will have to do a biopsy to find out. If it is malignant, i.e. cancerous, we will have to do a mastectomy that means remove the breast.."

The voice droned on, its hollow sound echoing off the inanimate walls, the medical jargon neither registering nor making sense. Abruptly I got up and walked out while he was still speaking, cutting him dead mid-sentence. In the reception room, Amma suddenly looked pathetically frail and utterly defenseless. Without any warning to myself or to anyone else I found myself in a sudden, uncontrollable flood of tears, tears partly rooted in the tension of endless waiting, and partly stemming from an overwhelming fear of losing the only parent I had. And then she, eternal mother, was comforting the child in me, whereas I, now grown-up and adult, should have been supporting her to endure one of the most traumatic experiences of her life.

The next two weeks were spent shunting between physician, surgeon, pathologist and hospital. The lemon-sized lump remained unchanged, the dull throbbing pain neither increasing nor going away. Through a blurred daze, I remember writing an incoherent letter, bordering between the pathetic and the hysterical, to our nearest relative, an uncle working on a tea-plantation near Kozighode, asking him to fly down to Bombay immediately as mother was on her death bed. My penchant for hysteria was well-known in the family, and the frantic summons ignored, though a week later we received a kindly letter that attempted to reassure us by offering to bear part of the medical expenses.

Strange, the kind of impact Amma's illness had on Rekha and me. Rekha was seventeen and I was twenty-two. Our father had died when I was only eleven, and Amma had shouldered the burden of seeing us through adolescence single-handed. The household budget, though not a shoe-string, was not quite easy either. We had to vacate the government-allotted flat after Abba's death, and had moved into a two-room tenement. Still, by Bombay's standards it was adequate, and we had learnt to submerge the tensions arising from a comparative lack of privacy. With Amma's threatened illness, all the repressed insecurity of being dependent on only one parent surfaced, revealing itself in highly-strung, short-tempered bickerings.

Only Amma herself appeared composed — absurdly tranquil, as if the trauma didn't concern her at all. The only significant change in her behaviour was that she'd taken to drinking innumerable cups of tea instead of her customary two or three during the day. But I didn't attribute this to any tension. If my panic fears and anxieties hadn't robbed me of all reason, I'd have realized she couldn't possibly feel so calm. As it happened, her calmness began to exasperate me. How dare she be so far removed from the reality of the situation! Didn't she realize the gravity of her illness! She had thrown us all into a dither. She was upsetting the very fabric of our existence. And she seemed almost dispassionate. About her own health. About her life itself. A seething anger gripped me, and I felt a compelling urge to break down her composure.

At last the day of the operation arrived. It was a Friday the thirteenth, for me a day of prejudiced apprehension as an outcome of convent-school education. But Amma had consulted the family's Maharaj, who assured her that the position of the stars was far from malefic. We hoped that would mean that the biopsy would prove the tumour benign, thus making it unnecessary to remove the entire breast. At the same time we dreaded to hear that the cancer might have spread even further than the breast itself.

The operation had been scheduled for 10.30 a.m. Amma had been instructed to come on an empty stomach but Rekha and I decided to skip breakfast also. In the hospital room, we waited between sterile walls that offered neither comfort nor solace. At 10.10 a small-built, dark-complexioned nurse came to give Amma an injection. Then she went and brought the trolley to wheel Amma to the operating theatre. In the traditional manner, first I, and then Rekha, bowed our heads and touched her feet to accept the **"ashirwad"** that we feared might be her last, both of us breaking into deep-throated sobs as we moved away. A watery smile appeared on her parchment-covered features, then the heavy doors closed behind her, and we were left to nurse our fears alone.

After what seemed like eternity revisited, Dr. Kaushik, who'd made it a point to be present, emerged from the operating theatre and came towards where we were sitting on the hard benches in the corridor. The biopsy had been performed, and the examined tissue found malignant. The surgeon was proceeding to remove the breast. But the cancer had not spread, so there was no danger to her life. Therefore we could relax.

A mixed verdict, creating mixed reactions. An uneasy sense of uncertainty that would always remain with us. Even though Amma's life was not in immediate danger, we would never again be able to take her health for granted.

After another half an hour, the surgeon himself emerged. I was too immersed sorting out my own emotional equilibrium to notice the expression on his face, but I felt Rekha suddenly clutch the **pallav** of my saree. I looked up and saw that Dr. Verghese's face was streaming with perspiration, that he was looking very uncomfortable, almost sick. The dreaded terror clutched at my throat, my eyes widened as I took a deep breath anticipating the worst.

"I'm sorry, Miss Khanna, I really am. The breast has been removed. Your mother will be all right. But the tumour was not cancerous. There seems to have been a mix-up in the laboratory specimens. . ."

I screamed. And kept on screaming. The next thing I remember is two nurses trying to pull me away from the doctor whom I had attacked. I had already broken his spectacles and scarlet blood spurted from an angry gash across his cheek. My fingernails were entangled in his sickeningly oily hair and I was sobbing hysterically.

Somehow they managed to extricate me and led me to a rexin-covered sofa. Someone brought pillows and a glass of glucose water. Fear quelled, anxiety reassured, slowly I felt the tension drain. An overwhelming tiredness washed over me and all I wanted to do was sleep. Sink into oblivion and sleep.

Vaguely I was conscious that I wasn't really concerned about Amma being one-breasted. Right then I was wallowing in the euphoria of the massive anti-climax.

Announcing

Eve's Weekly

Corn Products

Quiz Contest

Every fortnight beginning with our June 10 issue.

Now, our popular Hegman Quiz offers attractive prizes too!

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Plus a pack each of Brown & Polson Custard Powder and Rex Jelly if you are first with an all-correct entry.

...Prizes!

The next 10 all-correct entries, win a pack each of Brown & Polson Custard Powder and Rex Jelly.

REX

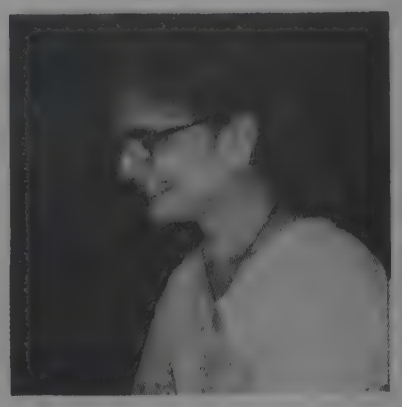
Brown & Polson

No entry fee! Watch out for our Contest in the June 10 issue!

MIRROR

Breaking the Age Barrier

Grandpa—An easy-chair in the sunlit verandah, a flask of coffee and a copy of the Mirror—that is grandpa's idea of relaxation. He is poring over an article on the generation gap

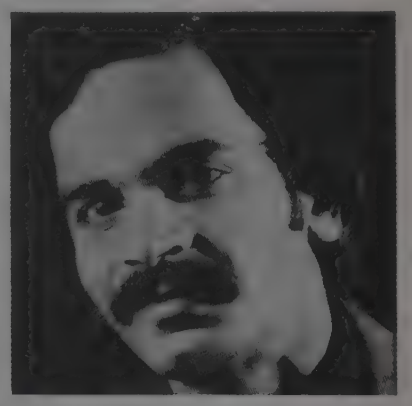


Grandma—Her grandson has finally gone to sleep. So, it is time for a quick look at the Mirror for grandma. She is absorbed in the mystery of the Hope diamond, peering down memory lane at her own struggles to acquire her diamonds.

The daughter-in-law—As a custodian of the health and well-being of her family, the daughter-in-law finds the 'Your health is our concern column fascinating.

The son—A busy executive relaxes with the Mirror, noting the quotations at the end of the articles for his next Junior Chamber speech.

The younger daughter-in-law—She has literary aspirations. Mirror's regular column on "The writing of poetry" has put her on the right track.

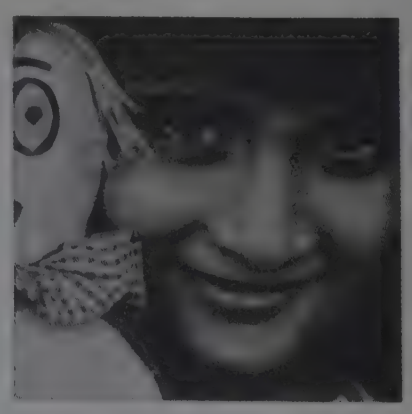


The younger son—What does life have in store for him? Will he too achieve greatness like all the men and women he has been reading about in Mirror's 'How they became great' column?

The teenage son—His favourite hobby is pen pals and Mirror's "Pen Pals" column opens out new worlds to him.

The teenage daughter—She likes to impress her boy friends with the wealth of general knowledge that she gleans through the Mirror.

The little son—He resents the Mirror. The whole family is immersed in it and finds no time for him. But he does like the Ripley's, 'Believe it or not' page in Mirror.



The little daughter—She can't wait to grow up to join the happy family of Mirror readers.

The Mirror is a complete family magazine—a good, clean, family magazine with no sex, sensationalism, politics, or cinema. There is something for every member of the family in the Mirror. Every issue has 110 pages of well-researched, informative, entertaining articles on a wide spectrum of subjects. The Mirror is a magazine which gives you value for money and is a must for every family.

PICK-A-PIZZA

Premila Lal

Most things have an amazing way of tasting even better when they look delightful! No wonder pizzas — a peasant dish — with their ease of serving and their infinite variety of flavour are appreciated by all. Made of yeast dough, base covered with a delicious mixture of savoury ingredients on top, and baked in a very hot oven, pizza really means pie and a pizzette is a small pizza. The authentic Roman pizza had a spread of sliced onions with a dash of oil. The more aristocratic pizza is often made of pastry and not bread or yeast dough. Pizzas can be served hot or cold, and either way they are good with a simple green salad.

AKOORI PIZZA

FOR THE PASTRY:

250 grams flour
2 eggs
125 grams lard
1 cup sugar
Pinch of baking powder

FOR THE AKOORI:

6 eggs
2 small onions, chopped
1 tomato, chopped
1 tbsp. coriander leaves, chopped
½ tsp. garam masala
Ghee or butter
3 green chillis, chopped
1 tsp. raw mangoes, chopped
¼ tsp. turmeric
Salt and pepper to taste
½ cup cheese, grated

Make a pastry with the pastry ingredients with enough cold water into a soft paste. Line a pie tin with this pastry. Fry the chopped onions till golden brown. Add remaining ingredients and fry. Remove from the fire. Cook on low fire. Spread this layer of eggs on the pastry. Bake covered with a shell of pastry or open for ½ hour. Sprinkle the top with grated cheese.

Photograph: Farook Reporter.

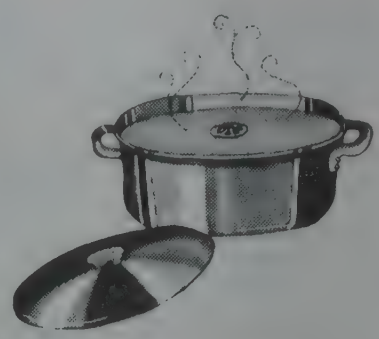
SUNDAY

Kheema Pulao

MONDAY

Kheema Peas

TUESDAY

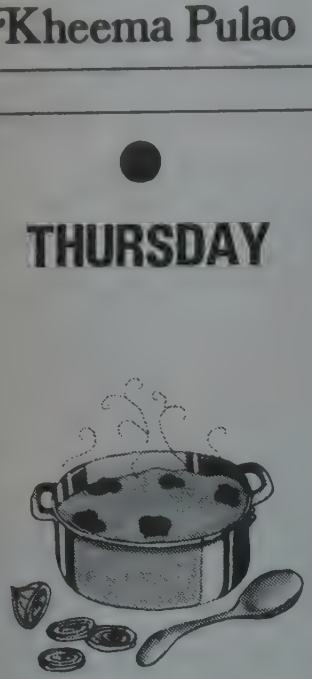


Mutton Kurma

WEDNESDAY

Biryani

THURSDAY

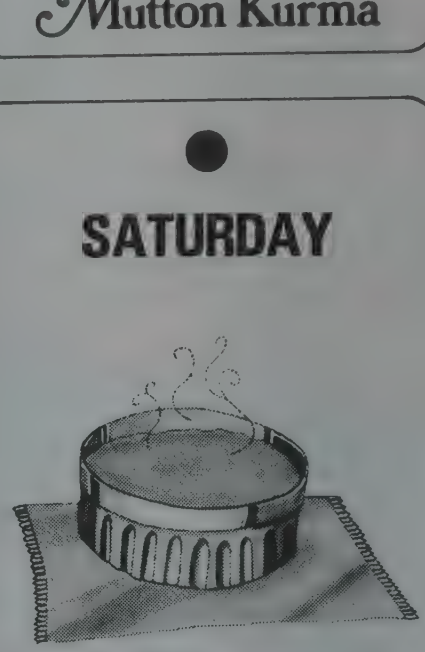


Roghan Josh

FRIDAY

Kababs

SATURDAY



Mutton Palak

THE MEALMAKER ECONOM

If you usually make a ½ kg mutton dish for a family of 5 or 6 members, you can now take ½ kg. meat (approx. cost Rs. 3.50) add 60 gms. *MEALMAKER* (approx. cost Rs. 1.20) which when cooked equals ½ kg. of Kheema Peas or Roghan Josh even Kababs . . . . while you save approximately Rs. 16.00 a week without stinting on your menu! Your family gets even more nourishment than before.

A 250 gms. carton of *MEALMAKER* costs Rs. 4.50 plu local taxes and equals 1 kg. of boneless mutton when cooked.

How to serve a meaty dinner everyday and stay well within your budget

You have a family that loves meaty meals. And you have a budget that groans at the price of mutton these days. What do you do?

Clever housewives are discovering new *MEALMAKER*.

***MEALMAKER* is a textured vegetable protein, extruded to look, taste and feel exactly like mutton. It is brimming with concentrated Soya Proteins and wholesome nourishment. Anything you can cook with mutton you can now cook with a little mutton and a little Mealmaker and make it go twice as far in taste and satisfaction at one third the cost.**

Add 60 gms. of *MEALMAKER* to ¼ kg. of mutton to make ½ kg. dish of mutton where you cannot tell the delicious difference. *MEALMAKER* reconstitutes itself to three times its size and weight when cooked. The more *MEALMAKER* you serve, the more you save. Count your savings at the end of a week full of meaty dinners.

AND IF YOU ARE VEGETARIAN —

MEALMAKER adds vital proteins to vegetarian diets. Cooked by itself, it makes delicious vegetarian dishes and snacks.

***MEALMAKER* has practically no fats, cholestrol or saccharides content which makes it the ideal food for diabetics, heart patients slimmers, growing children and pregnant mothers.**

Mealmaker
The delicious meat extender

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PIZZA WITH SPINACH & EGGS

FOR THE PASTRY :

250 grams flour
2 eggs
125 grams lard
1 cup sugar
Pinch of baking powder

FOR THE FILLING :

½ litre milk
30 grams butter
2 tbsps. flour
2 egg yolks
100 grams cheese, grated
100 grams cottage cheese
125 grams chedder cheese, (chopped)
1 cup strained, cooked spinach
3 eggs, hard boiled
Salt and pepper to taste

Make a pastry with the pastry ingredients adding enough cold water to make a soft paste. Line a pie tin with this pastry, and make a pastry covering if desired. Heat butter in a pan and fry the flour without letting it turn brown, stir in the milk avoiding any lumps, and cook. Stir in the yolks of 2 eggs and all the variety of cheese and chopped boiled eggs. Season as desired. Spread a layer of spinach on the pastry and pour over the sauce. Give it a gentle stir to bring up a little colour. Bake, covered with a shell of pastry or open for about ½ hour. For variation mix in cooked shrimps or chopped ham.

PIZZA NAPOLI

125 grams plain flour
15 grams baker's yeast
1 level tsp. salt
Little warm water
6 medium tomatoes, skinned
125 grams cheese, cut in thin strips
Few anchovy fillets, sardines or chopped mushrooms
Basil or oregano (herbs) optional
Oil (preferably olive oil)

Put the flour on a board and make a centre well. Put in the yeast dissolved in the water or milk as prefered. Add salt and cover the yeast with flour and blend well. Add sufficient water to make a stiff dough. Knead well till light and elastic. Roll into a ball and put on a floured base. Cover with a cloth and place in a warm place for about 2 hours, till doubled in volume. Roll into a ¼ inch thick rounds. Spread top with chopped tomatoes and season with pepper and salt. Arrange fish or mushrooms and cheese on top and sprinkle with herbs. Dot with oil and place on a oiled baking tray and bake for 20 — 30 minutes in a hot oven — Double the quantity to make a larger pizza.

PIZZETTE CON COZZE

350 grams flour
66 grams butter
2 eggs
15 grams yeast (dissolved in a little water)
Salt to taste
10 red tomatoes, peeled and chopped (more if desired)
225 grams cheese, grated
Large cupful of mussels, cooked, shelled
Basil or oregano (herbs) (optional)
Oil
Seasoning

Make a dough with the flour, butter, eggs, yeast, and salt and enough tepid water to make a stiff dough. Cover and allow to rise for 2 hours. Roll out the pastry, cut into small rounds and spread each with chopped tomatoes, mussels, herbs and seasoning — Dot with oil and place on an oiled tray. Cook in a hot oven 20-25 minutes. Sprinkle cheese about 5 minutes before the pizzettes are ready. Enough for about a dozen pizzettes.

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AO Pure Coconut Oil is made from choice sun-dried coconuts. Filtered twice but nothing added. Crystal clear, with the natural sweet smell of coconuts.

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cuckoo lal
To test the purity of coffee, sprinkle a small quantity on the surface of water. If pure, it will float, if adulterated, it will sink and discolour the water.

PIZZA MARIA

Prepare the dough as for Pizza Napoli and spread the top generously with finely sliced onions, herbs and seasoning. Spoon a little oil on top and bake in a hot oven. Sprinkle with cheese before serving, if desired.

PUNJABI PIZZA

125 grams plain flour
15 grams baker's yeast
1 level tsp. salt
Little warm water or milk
250 grams cooked kheema matar
2 tsps oil, (preferably olive oil)

Make a dough like for Pizza Napoli and spread the top with some cooked kheema matar. Sprinkle with sliced spring onions and bake in a hot oven for about 25 minutes. Sprinkle with chopped coriander and serve hot. Instead of kheema, even baigan ka bhartha or any interestingly prepared vegetable dish would taste good.

MORE GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our weekly cookery contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize, 1) A non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a 9-cup Storefresh container from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) WEIKFIELD'S Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Ice Cream Mix Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour, and 3) A book, "Eve's Guide to Fashion, Beauty, Cookery and Childcare" by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI.

So, send in your best vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with photograph and coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Apollo Street, Bombay 400 023.

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Vichitra PRINTS

recipes from our readers

Miss Suman Agarwal, Bombay.

CHOCOLATE DESSERT

FOR ROLLS:

4 cups bread crumbs
2 tbsps. cocoa powder
100 grams icing sugar
1 tbsp. cashewnuts, raisins and walnuts, chopped
½ cup of milk
1 tbsp. butter or margarine
2-3 drops of Vanilla essence

Smooth margarine in the bread crumbs and put on the slow fire for few seconds. Add one tablespoon of cocoa powder, 50 grams of icing sugar, vanilla essence and chopped dry fruits. Mix well and make small rolls on grease paper.

Mix one tablespoon of cocoa powder, 50 grams of icing sugar with half cup of milk and make the paste. Smear the rolls with cocoa paste.

FOR ICING:

1 tbsp. butter or margarine
2 tsps. icing sugar
2-3 drops of vanilla essence
Cherries for decoration

Mix all the ingredients until well blended. Using a nozzle decorate the rolls with the icing and top it with cherries. Chill the rolls and serve.

Miss Lorraine Aguiar, Ujjain.

POTATO PATTIES

½ kg potatoes
10 slices of bread
¼ cup peas
½ tsp. coriander powder
3-4 green chillis, diced
½ tsp. garam masala
1 tsp. mango powder, (amchur)
Ghee for frying

Peel and boil potatoes and shell peas. Mix mashed potatoes, peas, coriander powder, diced green chillis, garam masala and mango powder together. Soak the bread slices in water. Press them lightly to squeeze out the extra water. Take two to three tablespoons of potato mixture. Put it in the centre of the slice as a filling. Close up and give it the shape of patties.

Heat ghee and deep fry them till golden brown.

Serve them hot with sauce.

Savita, Bangalore.

VEGETARIAN BADSHAHI CAKE

2 cups wheat flour
2 tsps. baking powder
½ tsp. sodabicarb
2 ripe bananas
¾ cup butter
1 cup jaggery
½ cup milk milk
2 tbsps. curd
4 to 6 pieces cashewnuts
10-12 pieces raisins

Sieve the flour. Add baking powder and soda and sieve it 3 to 4 times. Take butter and jaggery in a vessel and mix them properly. Peel the bananas and mash it in the butter and jaggery. Add curd and mix everything nicely. Add the flour to the mixture and milk one after another. In the end add cashewnuts and raisins and mix them all with a light hand. Then pour the mixture into a tin lined with greased paper and bake in an oven for 45 minutes to 1 hour at 140°C. When the cake is baked let it cool down then take it out very carefully.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

In response to requests, from now on, each recipe sent in to us is to be accompanied by this coupon only, with no photograph.

The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send us a passport size photograph of herself, to be published along with her recipe.

Please note that even a selected entry will be DISQUALIFIED if the requested photograph does not reach us by the date mentioned.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

weekly 1 winner

Mrs. Kanta C. Paymaster of Bombay, wins Rs. 50/- plus a non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a 9-cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a gift from Weikfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

SURTI UNDHIYA

200 grams surti papadi (Val Beans)
300 grams popcha papadi — soft, silky, crescent shaped
200 grams surti kund (Ratalu)
150 grams sweet potatoes (Sakkarias)
8 small potatoes
6 small brinjals (ravaiyas)
3 rajari bananas (yellow skin)
½ tsp. soda
1 tsp. green chillis, grounded

MASALA FOR STUFFING:

1 cup coconut, grated
1 cup coriander leaves thinly chopped
1 cup coriander seeds powder
¾ cup sugar
3 tsp. salt
1½ tsp. red chilli powder
1 tsp. turmeric powder
½ tsp. asafoetida

FOR THE MUTHIAS:

1½ cup of wheat flour
4 tsps. oil
1 cup fenugreek leaves (methi) thinly chopped
1½ tsps. sugar
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. red chilli powder
¾ tsp. of turmeric powder
½ tsp. asafoetida

MUTHIAS:

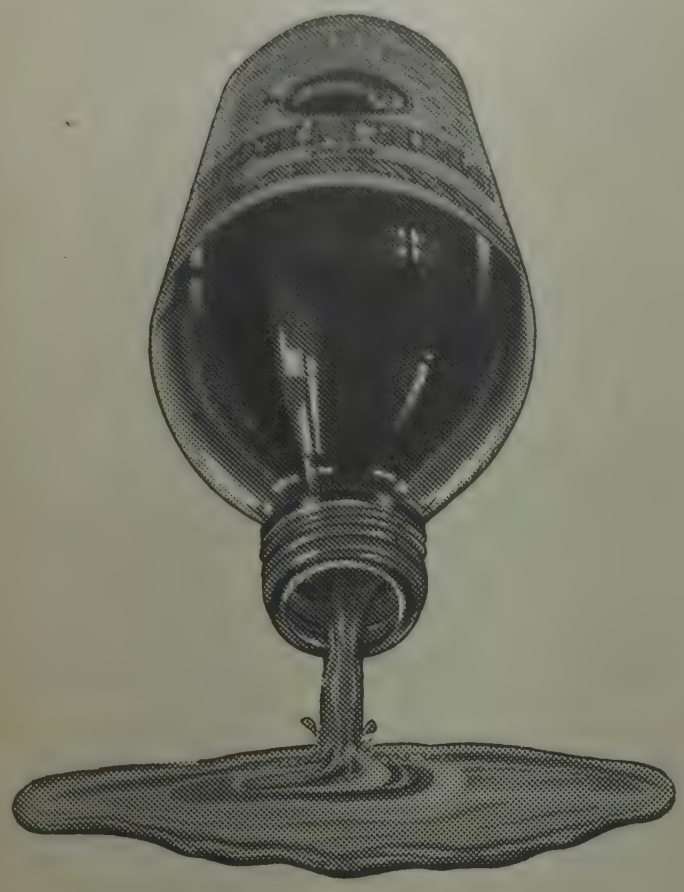
Add salt to fenugreek leaves and allow it to become watery. Make a well in wheat flour. Pour four tablespoons of oil, sugar, chilli powder, turmeric powder and asafoetida and mix well. Add fenugreek leaves (watery) as mentioned above. Make 15 — 16 balls and fry them in oil till golden brown.

UNDHIYA:

Take a big utensil. First cover the lower rim with oil in which muthias have been fried. Add 2 cups of water, ½ teaspoon of soda, 1 teaspoon of grounded green chillis, 1 teaspoon of salt, ¼ teaspoon of asafoetida. Make a layer of surti papadi. On top of it put ½ of popcha papadi. Sprinkle little sambhar masala. Stuff potatoes with masala powder and put them on top of papadi layer. Cut the peeled kund into 1" cubes. Put these pieces around potatoes. Cover the potatoes and the kund with remaining papadi and a sprinkle of masala, over it. Stuff the small brinjals and put them on the second layer of papadi.

Cut sweet potatoes into ½" thick circles and put them around brinjals. Cover the untensil with a thali containing little water. Put it on fire for ¾ hour. Take care that the vegetables do not stick at the bottom. If they stick, add a little water — When beans are cooked put the 1" long pieces of rajari Bananas stuffed with masala. Put the muthias around bananas and once again sprinkle masala over it. Keep it on fire for 10 minutes till muthias are soft. Decorated with grated coconut and thinly chopped coriander.

A few drops a day



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children's page

Kamal Aurora

MATCH YOUR WITS

1.With 3 match sticks make 4 or 6 without adding any more matches.

2. Make 5 out of 2 match sticks.

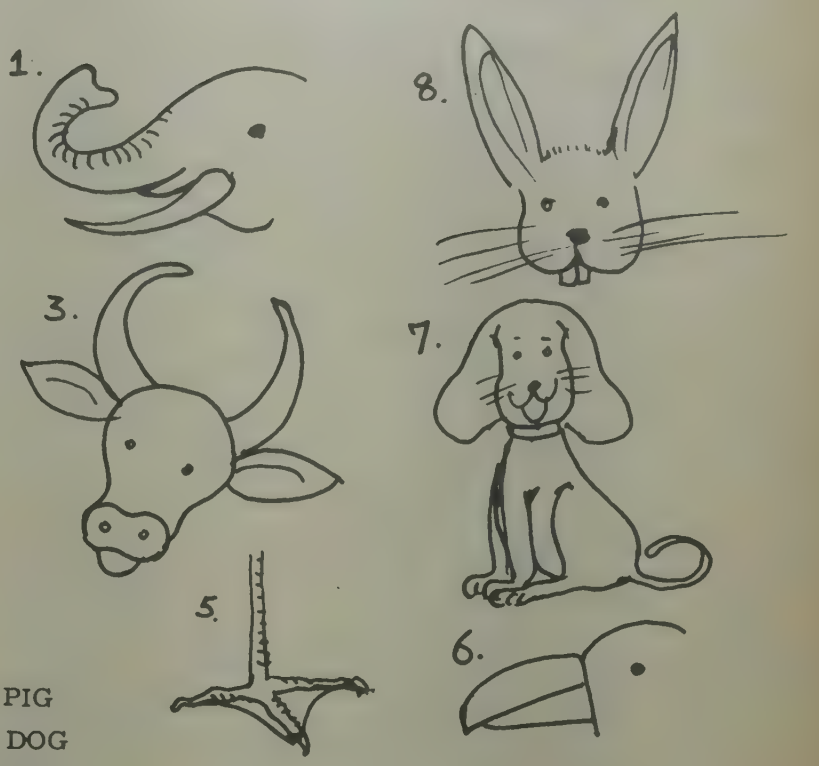
LOST IN THE FOREST

I am lost in the forest. Can you find food for me to eat and clothes for me to wear from the jumbled words below?

RUFIT
MANIAL KSIN
AMTE
TAWER
REBRSIE
OCOCUNT

ANIMAL WORLD

Which of these drawings belong to which animal?



1. PIG
2. DOG
3. DUCK
4. ELEPHANT
5. RABBIT
6. COCK
7. PARROT
8. COW

THE ADVENTURES OF omphy-momphy tuk tuk

A new student had come to class. A girl with long plaits, thin legs and spectacles on her nose. She came and sat next to Omphy Momphy Tuk Tuk.

Omphy Momphy looked at her for a long time. The girl was busy reading her book. Omphy Momphy pretended to cough. The girl did not look up. Omphy Momphy opened the lid of his desk and let it fall with a big THUD! The girl continued to read.

"Hello!" said Omphy Momphy loudly.

"Hello!" came Mun Mun's reply from the next row.

Omphy Momphy began to laugh. Mun Mun came and sat at the desk nearest to Omphy Momphy. He too, looked at the new girl.

"Hello!" said Mun Mun.

There was silence.

"Hello!" replied Omphy Momphy and Mun Mun began to laugh.

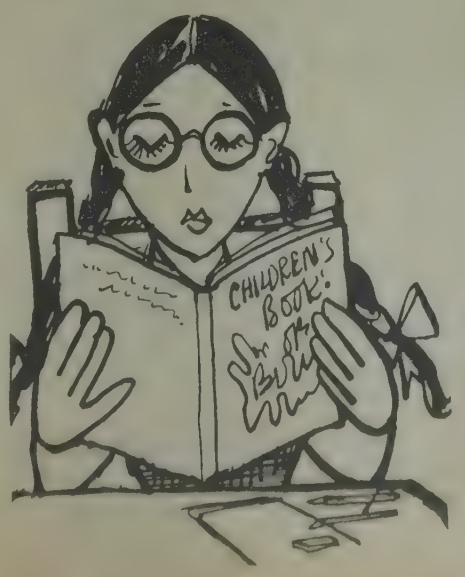
The two boys made quite a lot of noise laughing at each other. The girl suddenly looked up from her book. She looked at the two boys. "Hello!" she said.

Omphy Momphy and Mun Mun were taken by surprise.

"Can I wear your glasses?" asked Omphy Momphy.

"Can I read your book?" asked Mun Mun.

"No," said the girl, "I lend my things only to my friends."



The two boys looked at one another. "Girls can't play marbles," said Omphy Momphy. "They can't play any games boys play."

"Girls don't know how to fight," said Mun Mun.

"So, how can you be our friend?" said Omphy Momphy.

The girl nibbled her finger. "I'm not much good at marbles, but I know how to read. I can also beat you at running and jumping. I can do headstands and somersaults and I can fight you if I want to."

"We will have a race in the break time," said Omphy Momphy. "I shall beat you both."

"Ha!" said Mun Mun, "I always beat you at running." "I shall win," said the girl.

When the bell rang after class, the three children went out to play.

"Here we are," said Mun Mun, "let's run. One, two, three ..."

Mun Mun was running before he finished three. Omphy Momphy had begun to run at Two and was already ahead.

The girl began to run after "Three!" Soon she was catching up with the boys.

The girl soon overtook Omphy Momphy and after a short while she was running side by side with Mun Mun. Then Mun Mun was left behind and the girl was running ahead.

So the girl came first, Mun Mun second and Omphy Momphy third.

"You've won," said the boys. "What's your name?"

"Kum Kum," said the girl.

"Kum Kum what?" asked Omphy Momphy Tuk Tuk and Longakery Dongakerry Mun Mun, both of whom were equally proud of their long names.

"Kum Kum Kumari Kumaramangalikam," said the girl while the boys tried to make out if their names were longer than hers.

"You're our friend," they said and shook hands.

"Can I wear your glasses?" asked Omphy Momphy.

"Can I read your book?" asked Mun Mun.

"Of course," laughed the girl as they went to class together.

ANSWERS:

Match Your Wits

LOST IN THE FOREST

Fruit, Animal Skin, Meat, Water, Berries, Coconut.

ANIMAL WORLD

1 and 2; 2 and 7; 3 and 5; 4 and 1; 5 and 8; 6 and 4; 7 and 6; 8 and 3.

madam i'm adam

So it happened again!

There I came breezing into the house, full of the joys of spring, and what happened? Phyllis stopped me dead with a look that would have reduced asbestos to a pile of ash.

I'd have understood it if I'd staggered home, juiced to the scalp. It would have meant she was "disgusted." Or if I'd walked in wearing a brunette for a necktie. Then that look would have meant she was "humiliated." But honey, I've been as good as an angel recently. No swearing! A moderate peg or three down my throat before dinner! And no helling around with the boys in the wee hours with a flower-pot on my head. A model husband, see?

* * *

And what do I get for it? A wife, smouldering so much that wisps of smoke shoot out of her ears.

Well, you know me, doll. A real bull-by-the-horns boy! I planted myself squarely in front of her and said, "Okay, lemon-pie, why the sour look? Have I hit a cripple or slit a throat? Have I robbed a child's piggy-bank or made a pass at the parson's daughter? Have I —"

"Knock it off," said my wife, inelegantly. "There's no hope for men of your ilk." Then she flounced tightly out of the room. Now what the hell did she mean, "Men of my ilk?" I pondered! I admit I don't have royal blood coursing through my veins. But who cares? Look at the number of kings whose heads ended up in baskets!

* * *

One thing was certain! Phyllis was madder than a wet hen and, lady, I'm not a guy whose looks improve with scratches. So I played it cool. Let the little old lady nurse a king-size sulk. Sooner or later, she'd come and hurl insults at me. And, sugar, I'd hurl them right back.

Peace is for the peace-makers. Me, I love a real, honest-to-goodness, nose-to-nose scrap!

* * *

All the same, I sought out the kids. "Hey, honey," I said to my daughter, "do you know why your mother's wearing a thundercloud where her eyebrows oughta be?"

"Search me, Pop," said Elsa Joan. "All I know is somebody's going to catch 'Hail Columbia!' and I hope it isn't me."

"Rest easy, pet," I assured her. "Your father's the one facing the gun. All I wanna know is WHY."

"Can't help you, Pop," said my daughter. "Maybe you'd better get your suit of armour out from cold storage."

That's what I like about this trixie of mine. She positively drips with sympathy. I asked Kenneth Carl if he knew why. "Haven't a clue, Pop," he said. "All I know is I wouldn't like to be around when she handles the axe."

Maybe my youngest, Richard, had the answer. But he didn't. "I know Mum's blazing like a forest fire," he said, "but she won't take time off to say why."

* * *

Some witty philosopher once said, "When you don't know what to do, have a drink."

For this gem, alone honey, the guy deserves immortality. So I wrapped caressing fingers around an old Scottish friend, and slid into my favourite chair. A drink or two or three might sweep the cobwebs away and I'd know why my wife was spitting fire.

But an hour and six drinks later all that came to me was a rib-wrenching hiccup — and an over-powering desire to do the PEPPERSHAKE. It's a dance!

* * *

Now I don't know, honey, if you've ever had an over-powering desire to dance the PEPPERSHAKE! Maybe, with you, these sudden gusts of emotion rise high and quickly pass away. But me it hits hard. So I put on an Edmundo Ross on the player and clicked a switch. The rhythm bounced and shimmered off the walls. As if one cue, Phyllis started swearing like a troop sergeant. Such language!

I grabbed her and said, "Shut up and dance." I put iron into my voice. Lots of iron! By gad, I'd show this chicken just who ruled the roost. Baby, it worked! In ten minutes her anger vanished and her smile got back on the job. And so, lady, it's with considerable pride that I serve you a brand new remedy for domestic strife. THE PEPPERSHAKE! (Oh, we found out what she was mad about. Some bandit of a butcher!)

G'bye now!

Adam

A LITTLE MISTAKE

A letter was addressed to M/s. Verma Brothels Ltd. instead of Verma Brothers Ltd. The letter was returned to the sender with the remark that there was no brothel in the whole city.

Yesterday I met the Thief Engineer. (The Chief Engineer was of course the one met.)

Someone wrote Ministry of Irritation and Power, instead of Irrigation and Power.

Once the Ministry of External Affairs received a message that the Chief Minister of Havana wanted to see the External Affairs Minister. Everything was arranged for the reception of the foreign dignitary, but later on it was noticed that it was the Chief Minister of Haryana who came to Delhi. (This was a telephonic message.)

An officer telephoned his P.A. from his residence and told him that his T.B. was in a very bad state and immediate attention was necessary. A number of his colleagues went to his residence to console him. It was found that it was his T.V. that was in a bad state.

When asked about the whereabouts of an officer, his P.A. said that his boss was barking in the sun. (He was, of course, basking in the sun.)

On the death of a national leader, the president of a friendly country sent a condolence message which was telephoned as follows: "May the departed soul rust in heaven". (It should of course, have read "rest".)

An ex-minister, apprehending his arrest, applied to the court for grant of anticipatory bail. The bail was granted but the order was typed as anticipatory "jail" instead of bail.

He waited near the swimming fool. (Should read "pool".)

"I wanted to meat him and then eat with him." (Should read "meet".)

Shreshtha Takkar

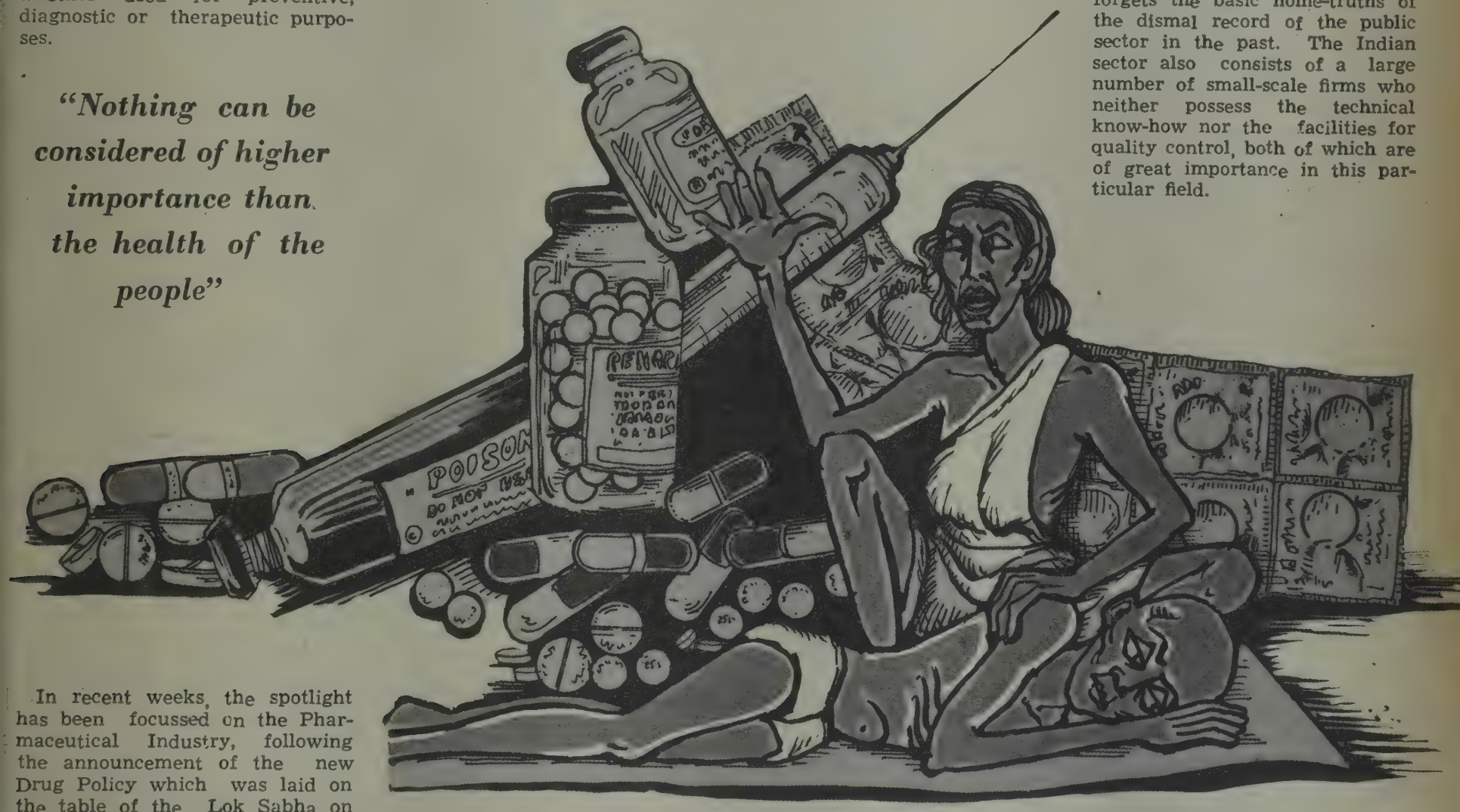
MULTINATIONALS OR NO MULTINATIONALS— THE CONSUMER MUST NOT SUFFER

Manohar S. Kamath

The wealth of a nation, it is being increasingly stressed, lies in the health of its people. Every country, no matter what its size, population or position on the earth, strives to ensure that its citizens are well-built, robust and healthy. Since Independence, health has always been high on the list of India's top priorities. As the First Five Year Plan states: "Health is fundamental to progress in any sphere. In terms of resources for economic development, nothing can be considered of higher importance than the health of the people. . ."

Many factors such as nutrition, water supply, sanitation, medical care and literacy go towards the attainment of good health. Equally important is the role of drugs—whether used for preventive, diagnostic or therapeutic purposes.

"Nothing can be considered of higher importance than the health of the people"



In recent weeks, the spotlight has been focussed on the Pharmaceutical Industry, following the announcement of the new Drug Policy which was laid on the table of the Lok Sabha on March 29, 1978. The new policy envisages many fundamental changes in the structure of the indusry and requires serious thought by all those concerned about the health of the people.

The main feature of the policy is the emphasis now being laid on the necessity for a "lead role" to the public sector and the dilution of equity to the extent of 40 per cent of the foreign firms in the industry. The policy also envisages the rapid expansion of production of both bulk drugs and formulations in the public sector and among Indian firms but wishes to restrict production of the multinational firms at the present level.

What grouse does the Government have against the multinationals? This question is extremely difficult to answer. Chief among the reasons being trotted out is that the multinationals repatriate the large sum of Rs. five crores annually to their parent companies and shareholders abroad. This is by no means as big a problem as is made to appear by the politicians in their enthusiasm for "nationalism." In the first place, the multinationals have invested a huge capital of Rs. 50 crores in the pharmaceutical industry; moreover, they have nursed the industry from its infancy way back in 1947 when India used to import almost all its drug requirements. Besides, it is not as if the money is being carted away illegally through unofficial channels—all amounts repatriated are sanctioned by the Government after payment of tax and under the Foreign Exchange Regulation Act.

There is also no basis to the allegation that drug companies (particularly the multinationals) amass huge amounts of profit. The drug pricing policy has been determined by the Government and ensures that no company can make a profit greater that twelve per cent on any product after accounting for its total costs. If the profits seemingly appear high, it is largely because of the high technological skills, rapid turnover and efficient management.

When the new policy looks to the public and Indian sectors to make up for the diminished expansion of the multinationals in the pharmaceutical industry, it forgets the basic home-truths of the dismal record of the public sector in the past. The Indian sector also consists of a large number of small-scale firms who neither possess the technical know-how nor the facilities for quality control, both of which are of great importance in this particular field.

PER CAPITA CONSUMPTION OF MEDICINES

DEVELOPED COUNTRIES	DEVELOPING COUNTRIES
USA 310	India 7.5
UK 78	Indonesia 2.2.
West Germany 235	Egypt 27.9
Switzerland 338	Pakistan 12.6
France 241	Thailand 15.3
Italy 211	Korea 32.4
Japan 252	Brazil 54.9
	Mexico 36.9

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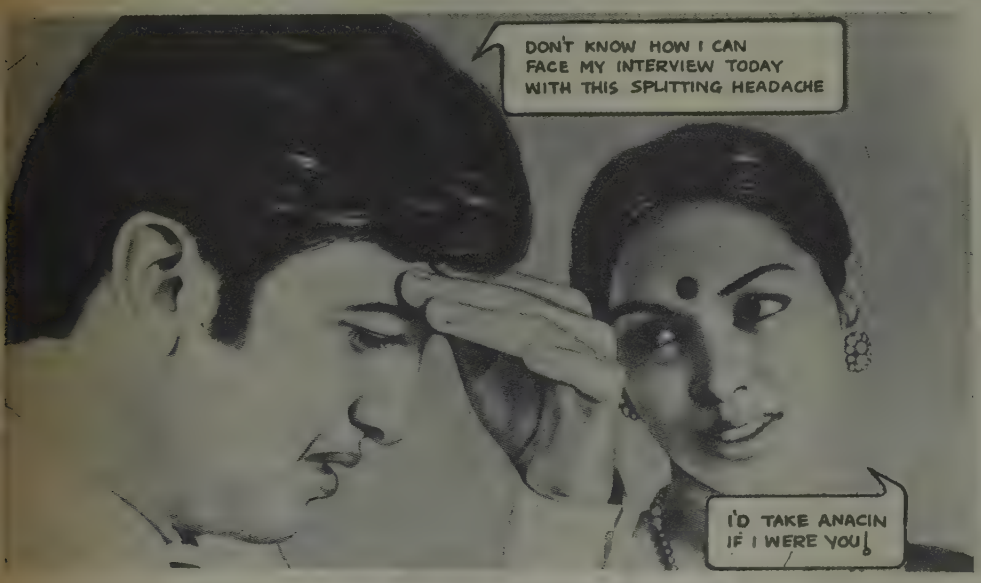

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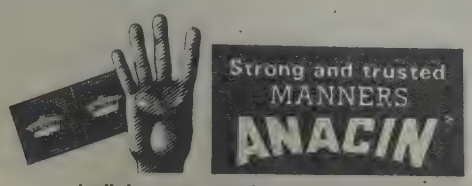

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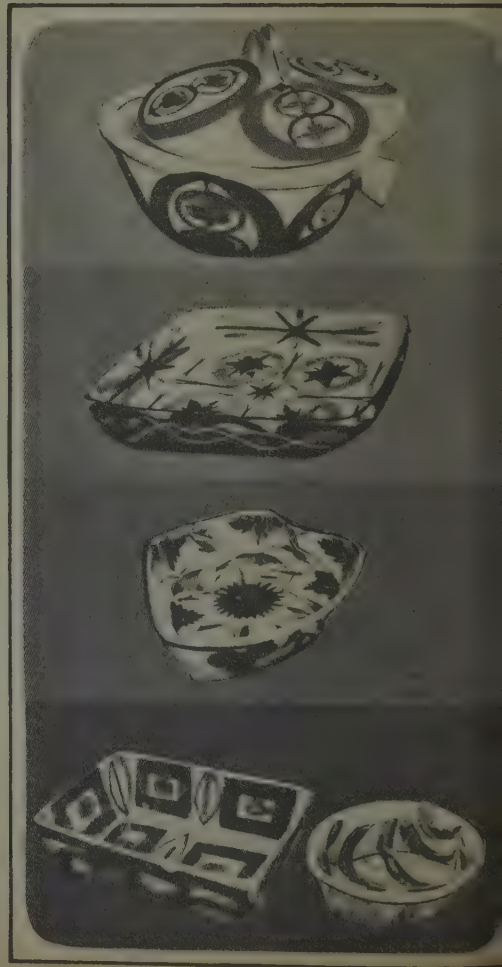

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MULTINATIONALS OR NO MULTINATIONALS — THE CONSUMER MUST NOT SUFFER

Even looking at it from the economic viewpoint, the new policy appears to be a document inspired by emotion rather than common sense. Though India imports bulk drugs to the extent of Rs. 40 crores through the State Trading Corporation, it is common knowledge that if the multinationals were given a free hand to expand, a substantial saving to the effect of Rs. 15 crores can be effected by production of some of the imported drugs within the country itself. More important, of the total amount of Rs. 30 crores of our annual export of drugs at present, the multinationals account for Rs. 12 crores of that figure largely through dynamic sales tactics by their counterparts abroad and on the basis off their reputation. Can one expect the companies to maintain their export targets at the present rate when they are being shackled and hemmed in from all sides?

What does all this mean to the average consumer of drugs—the man on the street? First and foremost, a shortage of drugs is very likely to occur over the next few years. The present production of bulk drugs is in the range of Rs. 150 crores and the demand is expected to touch Rs. 400 crores within five years. With one part of the industry, which accounts for forty per cent of the production (the multinationals), frozen at their present capacity of Rs. 63 crores, it is not understood how the other two partners (public and Indian private sectors) can almost overnight triple their production. And with the known history of labour problems that often hit the public sector in prolonged waves, one will have to keep one's fingers crossed and hope for the best.

Another important effect of the new policy on the consumer could be a lowered standard of quality in drugs that would be available. This would be a logical corollary of production in the small-scale sector of compounds that require formidable quality control, which would be just beyond their scope due to inadequate resources at their command. Again, with more and more companies of dubious reputation entering the market, adulterators and spurious drug manufacturers would have a field day in capitalising on the consumer's weak position. To cap it all, when combined with the shortages as anticipated above, black-marketing and hoarding of drugs may soon be the order of the day.

One other great advantage to the consumer through the multinationals was that the results of their research in their laboratories spread out all over the world were instantly available to this country at no extra cost. The parent body abroad often sent technical experts to set up production in their Indian plants as part of their routine activity. With the possible withdrawal of these facilities, the Indian will be deprived of the world's best drugs when discovered.

A cross-section of doctors, when asked their opinion on the new drug policy, expressed serious misgivings about its effects on patients in general. They were particularly worried about quality control and felt that the non-availability of latest drugs in the market could be a possible consequence of what most of them considered a hasty step.

"The only thing one could rely on in the field of medicine was the excellent quality of drugs and the wide range available at our disposal," one specialist stated. "If the standard of these falls, all the efforts of the medical profession will be in vain." Another pointed out that, as per the existing rules, part of the bulk drugs manufactured by the multinationals were distributed to other firms of Indian origin in the field, and thus the country had much to be grateful for to the foreign pharmaceutical firms.

Housewives in the city of Bombay are equally appalled at the crisis looming on the horizon. Mrs. Radhika Pai, a housewife residing in Mahim, categorically stated, "We cannot do without the multinationals at present. In terms of quality, reliability and technology they offer us much better products than what Indian firms can be trusted to achieve today." The general run of opinion is the same: who will ensure quality?

An old controversy that will surface again with the implementation of the new Drug Policy is the one on sale of drugs by their generic names, since it is proposed to market six common drugs thus when it comes into force. While the intentions of the Ministry may be honourable, the consequences may not be very palatable. Drugs like Analgin and Aspirin, which are marketed by dozens of companies under trade names, are presently available in the market. By the withdrawal of this right, the new order will confer the discretion of selecting the manufacturer of such drugs from the doctor to the chemist. The sales agents of the companies are thus in the unique position of trying to curry the favours of chemists in the form of increased commission or other special facilities to promote the sale of their own products. Quality, again, is likely to suffer at the hands of gross commercialism.

As things stand, the vast majority of the Indian population, which lives in rural India, gets very little or no drugs at all. The entire production of drug formulations is almost exclusively consumed by the elite citizens who live in the towns and the cities. The annual per capita consumption of drugs in India is a niggardly Rs. 7.50 in comparison to Rs. 310 in the USA, Rs. 235 in Germany and Rs. 78 in Britain. The comparative figures for developing countries like Mexico (Rs. 36.90) and Brazil (Rs. 54.90) indicate that, even by the standards of the Third World countries, the drug requirements of the nation are only fractionally fulfilled. Considering that tropical and infectious diseases are still rampant in this country, the amount of Rs. 7.50 is abysmally low.

When (if ever) will the situation improve? What will happen to the Research Foundations and our National Health Programmes which are greatly helped by the multinationals? Instead of solving these crucial questions, the new Drug Policy insists on pushing the country backwards into an era of darkness rather than to a bright future.

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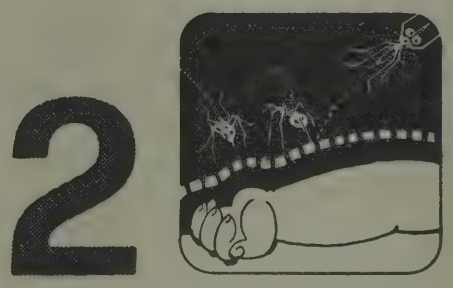

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	B	F	B	F	B	F
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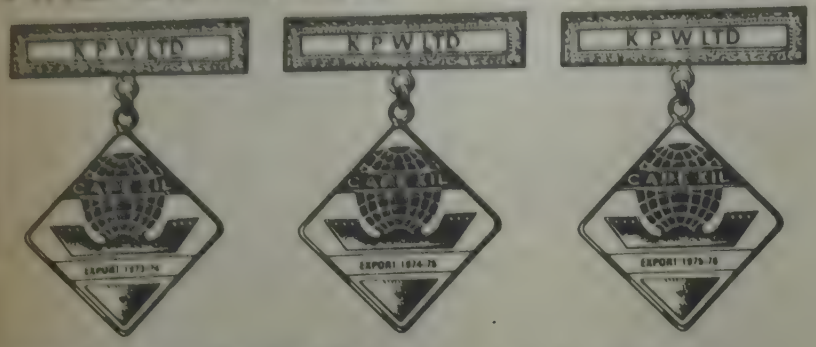
Indian Sector	15 lakhs	10 crores	39 cr	361 cr	337 cr	1408 cr
Public Sector			48 cr	47 cr		
15 lakhs	10 crores.		150 cr	400 cr	400 cr	1700 cr

(*B-Bulk drugs. F-Formulations.)

After the Hat-trick of Council Awards



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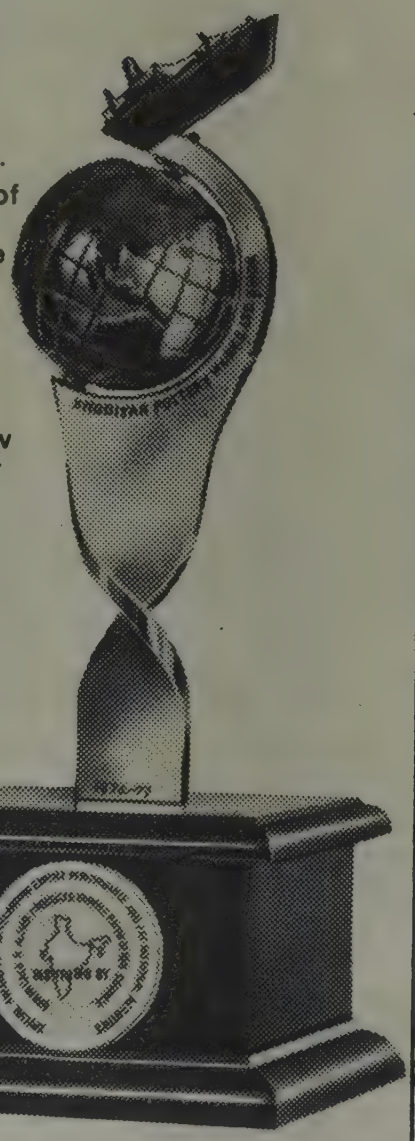

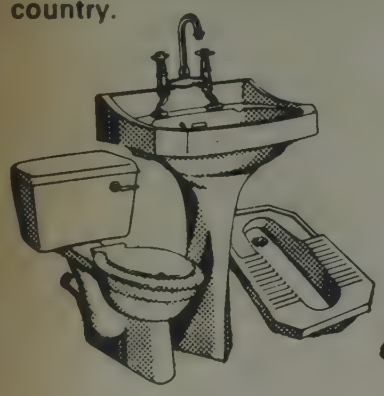

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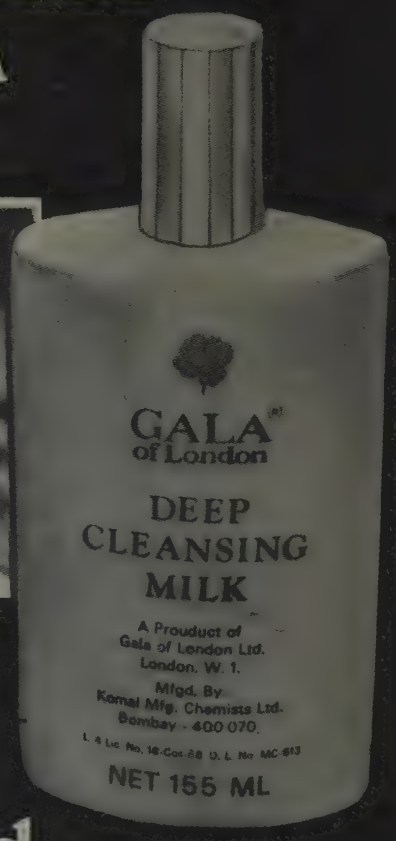
IMPACT

Dirt in skin pores causes serious complexion problems.



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PHARMACEUTICALS:

THE CONSUMER DOES SUFFER

P. J.

As consumers, we are mainly concerned with seeing that the drugs we need most are available to us at cheap rates and that they conform to high standards of quality control. Are our needs met today?

Drugs of good quality are available today only to urban upper class consumers. The average urban consumer, who may not earn more than Rs. 600 a month (if that much), has to rely on public hospitals for the medicines he needs, since he can't afford to buy them in the market. It is admitted even by doctors working in public hospitals that the drugs they supply free or at low rates do not conform to high standards of quality and would not be prescribed by private doctors. Finally rural "consumers" just do not get the medicines they need — of any quality.

If our government has the interests of the people it supposedly represents at heart, it would see to it that: 1) essential drugs of good quality are freely available to the majority — who, in India, live below the poverty line (65 per cent) and hence cannot pay for them; and 2) that quality drugs are priced so that all of us can afford to buy them.

Naturally, the first priority is the bulk production of essential drugs, suited to the health needs of poor, illiterate people suffering mainly from parasitic diseases and diseases arising from malnutrition.

Fulfilling this priority is not difficult. The WHO has acknowledged that "the number of necessary drugs is relatively small" and published a list of these. Such a list has been compiled even by our Hathi Committee report in 1975. There are no technical barriers in producing these. Dr. Nitya Nand, Director of the Government of India's Central Drug Research Institute at Lucknow, has pointed out that patents for the majority of these essential drugs have expired and the equipment and technology needed for their production is already available here. What then is the hitch? Why should vital medicines be in short supply and priced too high for patients to aford?

Foreign firms (multinationals) control the major portion of drug production in India. To quote Dr. Nitya Nand, "A detailed break-up of the type of formulations produced by major foreign firms shows that the formulations of essential life-saving drugs are only around 30 per cent of the total value of formulations, while they play a dominant role in the manufacture of common household remedies and vitamin preparations...the share of such firms in such...production is as high as 80-90 per cent." He further says that about 100 bulk drugs and 200 formulations at the most would suffice to take care of the vital health needs of 80 per cent of Indians. Today, some 15000 formulations using about 250 bulk drugs are manufactured in India. (Source: Economic & Political Weekly.) These multinationals have the world's best and latest technology at their disposal, they employ our highly qualified manpower and use our resources.

The profits which can be made on these essential drugs is lower than on non-essential ones; if they are to reach the people who need them most, the price too would have to be very low. Could that be why the foreign companies do not manufacture these essential drugs? Why does the Government then not make it binding on them to do so?

Another basic priority in the sphere of health is the development of research into tropical diseases which Indians suffer from; into our indigenous systems of medicine which are still used by most of our villagers, and into our vast resources of plants and herbs for their medicinal qualities (which, predictably, foreign companies have started doing). Why is the Government not doing this, and allowing the drug industry to develop in a pattern suited to Western countries — urban and sophisticated?

If the Government were truly committed to our health, it would not hesitate to make all drug companies fulfil the health needs of the majority of our people, needs which do not require the sophisticated technology we may not possess. Instead, it is leaving the production of essential drugs to the Indian public sector alone. Multinationals which produce "high technology" bulk drugs and formulations can hold as much as 74 per cent foreign equity!

Nor is the Government overly bothered about enforcing strict quality control over drugs manufactured by the Indian public and private sector. What may well happen after a few years is that the incompetence of the public sector in meeting our requirements will prompt the Government to turn to the foreign companies for "help"; for producing drugs which we can do on our own, **only if we have the will.**

What we must realise is that the question of "gratitude" to foreign firms does not come in at all. If it wasn't profitable to them, they would not be here. If they were at all committed to fulfilling our vital health needs, they would be producing low-profit essential drugs first. And if at all our government was committed to our health needs, it would be changing the structure of the drug industry radically.

"METHODS" OF PLANNING A BABY'S SEX

Continued from page 9

examination of the foetus' cells found in it. If the foetus is male, the cells will be genetically "XY," and if female, "XX." The parents could thus be presented with the diagnosis of their baby's sex and it could be aborted if it were not of the desired sex. But this technique suffers from certain disadvantages — it is not 100 per cent reliable, it can have dangerous consequences, and it cannot be performed before 16 weeks of gestation (after which, an abortion, if desired isn't advisable).

Recently Chinese scientists devised a safer and more reliable modification of amniocentesis — obtaining some foetal cells from the foetal membranes with the help of a tube introduced into the uterus. This method had the advantage of being feasible as early as the seventh week of pregnancy, when abortion is safer to perform. The Chinese scientists claimed that of the 100 test cases, as many as 94 were correctly predicted.

This aspect of research in reproductive biology is of special significance in the Indian context. Given the deep-seated desire for a son (which can be traced to a plethora of religious, socio-cultural and economic reasons) it is not surprising that most Indian parents refuse to have anything to do with family planning until they have a son or two. Therefore, if a cheap, simple and reliable method of predetermining the sex of babies can be perfected, it should prove invaluable to us in the field of family planning.

Devi

Filmdom was on its favourite topic last week i.e. Amitabh, who is suddenly different things to different people. To Sultan Ahmed, Amitabh is a product of a director's medium. To Ramesh Behl of "Kasme Vaade," Amitabh means a brand new car, etc. To Chandra Barot of "Don" Amitabh spells despair, to Yash Chopra he remains a fair proposition and to Salim Javed "Ya mai idhar jaaoon ya udhar jaaoon" dilemma.

BLAZING CHANDELIERS: Raj Kapoor and Dev Anand

And all the producers who do not have, rather could not afford Amitabh, insist that the city is having an overdose of Amitabh and two producers — Rajesh's secretary Yusuf ("Chakraveiyuh") and Papoo, Jankidas' son ("Chamatkar") insist, it all means a comeback for Rajesh Khanna.

And all this puts up chances of Raj Kapoor's "Satyam Shivam Sunderam". First and foremost we have not had a good mythological for long. Then, after seeing the flat chested Zeenat in "Don" people are lusting for those luscious curves.

I personally want Satyam to click, because filmdom needs blazing chandeliers like Raj Kapoor or for that matter Dev Anand. They are big **saudagars**, whose passion is film making. They are the biggest publicists of films too. Raj Kapoor puts his soul and energy into films. Dev Anand divides his energy between the film and the young **Chikni** and yet emerges fresh.

Dilip Kumar made one film fifty years ago and is now living on threats of another film. He was telling Sam Sugnu Jethwani of Hong Kong now in Bombay to make three films, that he (Dilip) is a busy star. Of course he sat at Sam's party for some five hours with his whisky. After a few pegs it is but natural that Dilip elevated himself to the status of Allah, and told me, "I have given you ample emotions on a personal and professional level, you are not worthy of it."

Dr. Padam Singhvi,
M.S., F.R.C.S.(Eng.),

Advisers:
Dr. (Mrs.) Vijaylaxmi Ray
Mrs. Leela Moolgaokar

BLOOD DONATION: the only way to replace this vital fluid

Blood is such a complex and perfect solution that even modern science has not been able to synthesise it

Perhaps the most vital thing in life is the circulation of blood in the body. As long as this circulation goes on smoothly, everything in the body works properly.

We have yet to manufacture blood artificially. It is such a complicated, compact and well-balanced solution that, in spite of all our progress, we have not yet been able to synthesise it in laboratories.

The importance of blood for health, strength and the general preservation of the human body was established centuries ago. Cleopatra of Egypt fame, used to sit in a bath of human blood taken from slaves to preserve her eternal youth. The Roman soldiers and gladiators drank the blood of foreign warriors to get additional strength. Blood-letting was considered a method of purification. Before the First World War, Dr. Landsteiner established the process of transfusion of blood from one human to another.

As blood can only be replaced with someone else's blood, blood donation assumes the status of perhaps the most priceless donation that anyone can offer to another. There is almost no bigger service to a person than to save his life by donating a bottle of blood.

WHAT IS BLOOD

We have about five litres of blood circulating in our body all the time. The main constituents of blood are water, blood cells and proteins, besides several other minor constituents. Blood is circulated throughout the body by the pumping action of the heart, and it is vital for the transportation of oxygen and nutrition to our tissues. In a healthy person blood is prepared in the **bone marrow**, and it is partially stored in the liver and spleen. The cellular elements of blood consist of **red blood cells, white blood cells** and **platelets**. The red blood cells carry the red substance called **haemoglobin** which has the capacity to carry oxygen to the tissues, and bring back carbon dioxide from the tissues. The white blood cells protect the body from the onslaught of organisms, while the platelets help in controlling bleeding. The fluid part of the blood is called **plasma** and it acts as a vehicle for the cells. A normal man has about 14 to 15 grams of haemoglobin per 100 c.c of blood. A normal red blood cell survives for about 120 days and every day about two billion red blood cells are destroyed and replaced in the body.

BLOOD GROUPS

There are four main types of blood groups in human beings. These are A, B, AB. and O. When the need arises, a person with a particular blood group has to be given the same type of blood — for example, group A blood should be given to a needy person only if he belongs to the A blood group. Persons belonging to the AB group are the only ones who can accept any other blood group and people with this group are known as **Universal Recipients**, while the O group is the only one that can be transfused to any other group. People with the O blood group are known as **Universal Donors**.

There is another important blood group system — the Rh group. This is important in transfusion, and it is one of the main causes of incompatibility between the baby and mother in the case of neo-natal jaundice. A survey conducted in Bombay shows the following prevalance of blood groups.

A	18 per cent	Rh positive 96 per cent
B	36 per cent	Rh negative 4 per cent
AB	8 per cent	
O	38 per cent	

Besides these, there are more than 100 other blood groups.

It is advisable to transfuse Rh positive blood to Rh positive recipients only. Particular care should be taken to avoid transfusing Rh positive group blood in Rh negative girls, otherwise there will be serious problems during pregnancy. These girls who have been transfused with Rh incompatible blood can have miscarriages or still births during their very first or subsequent pregnancies.

INDICATIONS FOR BLOOD TRANSFUSION

Road accidents are very common these days and a lot of blood is lost in these accidents. Immediate blood replacement in accident victims can save their lives. With the increasing complexity of surgical operations that are being undertaken these days, especially open heart surgery, several bottles of blood may be required for one operation. In many diseases, there may be a lack of blood in the body — as in **Anaemia** — and there again, blood transfusion becomes a necessity. Abnormal **vaginal bleeding** in women also calls for transfusion. In diseases like **Leukemia, Hemophillia**, and certain types of anaemias, blood transfusion is routinely required. Besides these, **burns** and certain **neo-natal conditions** also require several bottles of blood.

WHAT CAN BE TRANSFUSED

Besides regular blood, various components of the blood can also be transfused separately. Plasma can be stored for several days and this can be transfused in several conditions, especially in severe burns cases. Many times, when volume cannot be added to the circulation, as in heart failure patients, transfusion of only the cells may be required — this is known as **Pack Cell Transfusion**. There are several factors in the blood that may be lacking in people with different diseases, and these factors can be separately transfused, according to their needs. Besides this, platelets can also be transfused. Suffice to say that with the advent of modern machinery, we can separate various components of blood and transfuse the most suitable one to the patient.

THE BLOOD BANK

To fulfil the humanitarian objective of procuring and supplying blood whenever necessary, blood banks have been established all over the world. The blood bank is not only a storage place for the donated blood, it also coordinates supply to needy people. In a blood bank, the blood is stored under optimal conditions, and in the event of its not being utilised within the stipulated time, it can be split up into its components, and they can then be stored for longer periods.

WHO CAN DONATE BLOOD

Any adult between the ages of 17 to 55 years can donate blood. He or she should be healthy, and should weigh above 45 kgs. The blood of those whose haemoglobin level is below 12.5 grams per cent is not accepted. The donors are expected to give a detailed account of any illness that he or she has suffered in the past, especially diseases like jaundice, malaria, syphilis or other communicable diseases. A thorough physical examination of the person should be done before accepting his or her blood, any obvious disease is discovered in time. The blood pressure is taken, and about 300 c.c of blood is collected from the arm vein in a specially prepared bottle which has a solution to prevent blood clotting. A person should not donate blood more than once in three months.

Blood can be stored for 21 days between four to six degrees centigrade in a deep freeze. Big blood banks have refrigerated rooms for the storage of blood bottles. Though red blood cells are destroyed within 21 days, the other cells are destroyed even more quickly. Platelets disintegrate within 24 hours, and white blood cells within 24 to 48 hours. The other clotting factors are also destroyed within 12 to 24 hours. If a patient requires these components, then fresh blood has to be transfused, and for that, donors are bled at any odd hour of the day or night. Plasma can be deep-frozen when fresh at -18 degrees centigrade. This will preserve all the properties of coagulation. With the help of the cell separator, blood is centrifused at varying speeds, thereby separating the various components of the blood automatically.

GROUPING AND CROSS MATCHING

In the early days, blood transfusion was performed on a trial and error basis, resulting in several transfusion reactions due to incompatible transfusions. With the advent of knowledge about blood groups and modern techniques of grouping and cross matching, blood transfusion has now become a safe method. Before blood is given to the patient, his or her blood is directly matched with the donor's blood of the same group. This process takes about one hour, and is known as cross-matching.

MULTIPLE AND MASSIVE TRANSFUSIONS

In **dialysis** or in conditions like **aplastic anaemia**, only the same component of blood, like red blood cells, are required. These patients can get sensitized to other parts of the blood, therefore only red blood cells are transfused in these patients. In massive transfusions — in cardiac

surgery, or liver surgery — large volumes of regular stored blood should not be given. These patients should be given fresh blood, otherwise they will suffer from deficiency of platelets and blood clotting factors.

EXCHANGE TRANSFUSION

New-born babies whose blood is not compatible with the mother's blood are born with **deep jaundice.** In such cases, to save the life all the blood of the baby is taken out and replaced by fresh blood. Once the baby overcomes the jaundice the new blood prepared in its body is compatible. With this new technique many babies can be saved from certain death.

MISMATCHED TRANSFUSION

In the unlikely event of mismatched transfusion, the body's defences try to fight against it. Reactions may occur. Minor reactions include chills, rigours, fever, perspiration, palpitation, and the patient may feel heaviness in the chest. Later, the patient gets a sinking feeling and is in a state of shock. The blood pressure starts falling and at times this may prove fatal. Any signs of reaction should be an indication to stop the transfusion, and the patient should be transferred to a hospital where proper treatment can be given. With proper blood bank services, these reactions are becoming rare.

THE VOLUNTARY BLOOD DONATION MOVEMENT

In December 1974, at the WHO and the League of Red Cross Society's meeting held in Teheran, it was decided that a campaign should be started to achieve a total national blood service based on voluntary blood donation.

In India, unfortunately, blood is not sold by those from the backward sections of society for the purpose of donation, but is becoming a principle source of income. Alcoholics and drug addicts sell their blood to earn money for drugs and alcohol. The blood of professional donors is usually deficient in proteins and other essential components. It can also infect the patient with diseases like hepatitis. These people hide their disease, visit various centres and donate blood in quick succession. This not only harms them, but also provides a source of disease for the recipient.

In 1954, voluntary blood donation was started in Bombay for the first time. This drive was aided by the government, the active cooperation of social workers and the public. The idea of voluntary donation was propagated by social workers through the mass media. It was, undoubtedly, a monumental task to convince people about the benefits of voluntary donations, but it was, at the same time, gratifying to evoke response from the people. In the initial stages only 600 bottles of blood were collected annually, but now the same blood bank is collecting about 800 bottles of blood from voluntary donors each month. During the year 1975-76, 1,35,535 bottles of blood were collected from voluntary donors in Maharashtra.

As an incentive, the voluntary donor was promised free blood within a year of his last donation. But this was not incentive enough for people to come forward and donate blood. With the cooperation of other hospitals and agencies like the Red Cross, the patient was guaranteed to have his donor card honoured anywhere, irrespective of the place where the donation was made.

Further concessions were necessary, so the time limit was relaxed and now the guarantee was changed to the effect that: "If a donor or his immediate family requires blood, then the blood bank will, at his request, make arrangements that the receiver gets free as much blood as he has given."

For the guidance of the voluntary donors, certain norms have to be observed when blood is required by them or their relatives:

(1) The blood bank will give a guarantee to voluntary donors for free blood only. The service charges in private hospitals will have to be paid by the person himself as per the hospital rules. For underprivileged patients admitted in free wards, there will be no service charge and the blood will be given free.

(2) Donors may donate their blood at any of the Government and municipal hospitals, the Indian Red Cross Society and selected private hospitals and agencies.

(3) No incentive — not even a token — should be offered to any voluntary blood donor. The certificate of donation should be his pride.

It is very easy for anybody to donate blood. For this, one has to go to the nearest blood bank where he will be given a form which he should fill and answer all the queries about his health. A small amount of his blood is then taken for grouping and cross matching and is then examined under the microscope. After that, blood is collected from one of his veins. This procedure takes about half an hour to 45 minutes. The donor is then served coffee and biscuits, and is allowed to go home after resting for about half an hour.

To intensify the drive of voluntary blood donation and to make people conscious of their civil obligation October 1st is observed, each year, as Voluntary Blood Donation Day in our country.

KHULOUD AL-KASSAR

THE CHANGING IRAQI WOMAN

"A real woman would not allow her husband to do her work. He can help her. While she washes up, he can see to the children. He can have an assistant's position — not do the actual housework," said Mrs. Khuloud Al-Kassar, wife of the Iraqi Consul-General in Bombay, when I asked her about the reality behind the myth of the "Arab male" who is supposed to be the last word in "maleness".

"This is not true of the current generation of men," said Mrs. Al-Kassar. However, though "educated men are aware of their responsibilities and feel they should participate in looking after the home, men and women do not share equal household responsibilities yet. The future generation of men may participate in all household chores, but today, the home is still the woman's own kingdom in which she makes the final decisions. The man is obliged to help her by obeying her orders."

The popular opinion that women in Islamic countries bear the additional burden of 'purdah' was also refuted by her.

"'Purdah' survives only in a few rural areas now. Our religion does not restrict us in any way. On the contrary, Islam encourages women to participate in and contribute to society. In olden days, women even fought in wars, as patriots.

"The emancipation of women is part of the social revolution taking place in Iraq under the leadership of the Arab Baa'th Socialist party. The new kind of education teaches us that woman's contribution to society is very essential both from the social and the individual aspect.

"Recently, there was a lot of talk about women being less productive at work than men. A field study was made to find out if the allegation had any basis, and what the solution could be. It found out that because women are responsible for the welfare of their families, they cannot devote as much time as men can to their work. One suggestion made was facilitating women's full participation in society by having public institutions help her in her household tasks."

But women do face social pressures. "In many families, a woman is not allowed to choose her own husband. But her approval is very essential. Very recently, an amendment was made in the Personal Law to enable a woman to divorce her husband if she married him against her wishes. Now, adultery too can be another ground for divorce. This is a great victory for Iraqi women."

Mrs. Al-Kassar's ease in discussing Arab politics comes both from her family background — everyone in her family has been involved in politics, even though all of them may not have participated in it — and from her education — she graduated with a degree in political science and then worked in the protocol department of the diplomatic mission in Iraq. Which was where she met her husband. "There is no limit to the level a woman can reach in the foreign service. A woman can even become an Ambassador.

"But due to the misuse of official machinery by couples posted in the same mission, now husband and wife cannot be posted in the same mission. Hence generally, the woman has to give up her job. Now there is a measure under consideration to allow women to participate fully in the diplomatic mission in which their husbands are posted, and/or treat this period as part of their service when the time comes for them to retire.

"At any rate, the wife of a consul-general has a lot of work. I have to establish a relationship with the society in which I represent my country. I must explain the views of our cause and of our party and promote social relations between my country and yours."

"Besides all this, I have my personal interests to fulfil."

What about official and social restrictions on the type and nature of Indians that you may meet? "It's a matter of personal interest. I need not limit myself to diplomatic personnel."

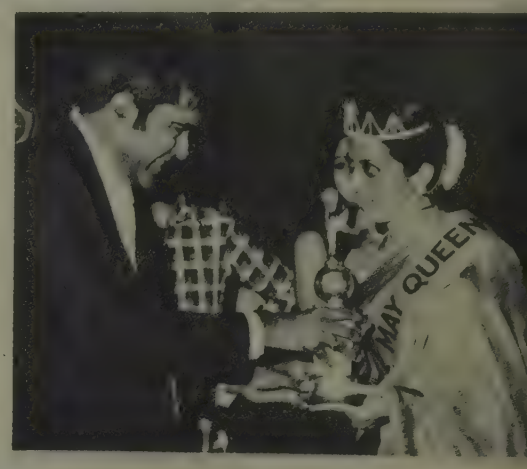
J. P.

people and events

The Indo-Arab Society, Bombay, held a send-off reception in honour of Mr. A. K. Hafizka and Mr. Ismail Kanga, the Ambassadors designate to Saudi Arabia and the People's Democratic Republic of Yemen. Seen at the reception are from left Dr. Najma Heptulla, gen. sec. of the Society, Mr. A. K. Hafizka, Mrs. Hafizka, Dr. Rafiq Zakaria, pres., Mr. Ismail Kanga, Mrs. Kanga and Mr. H. H. Ismail, vice-president.

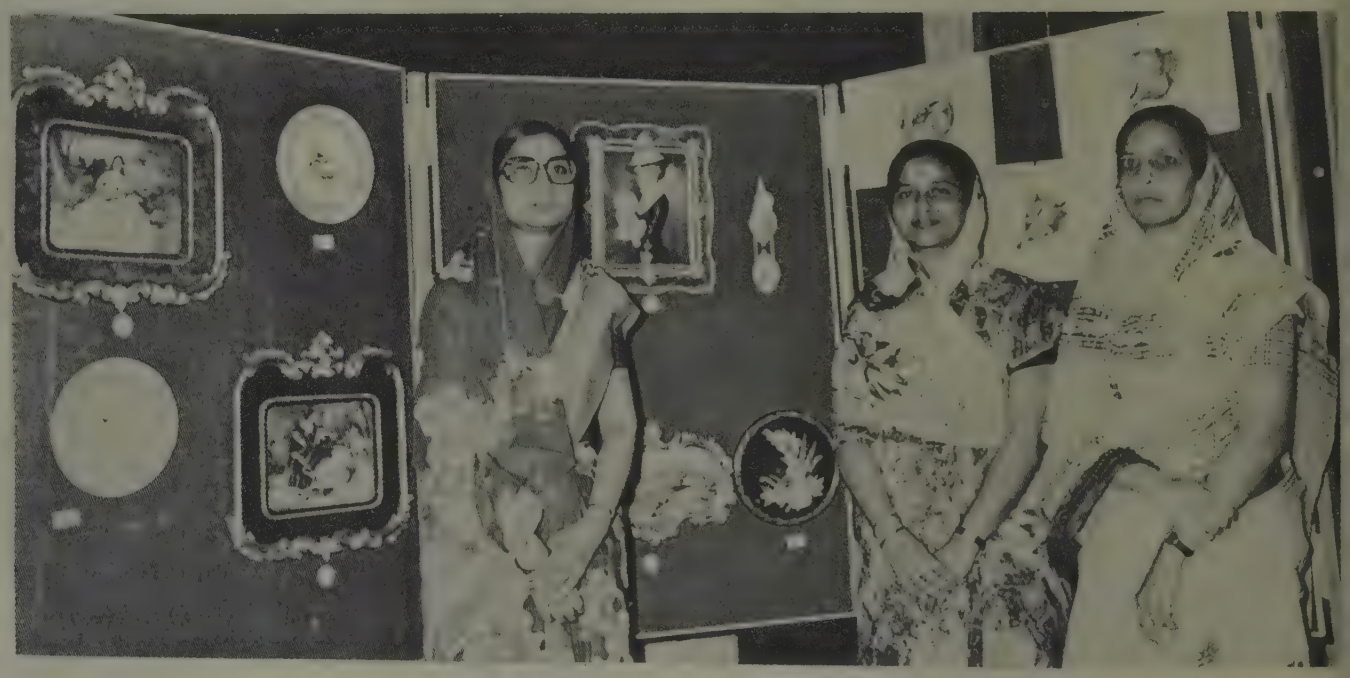
At the joint fund raising drive of the Lion's Clubs of Sion and Trombay the guest of honour Mrs. Jaya Chakravarthy is seen with (from left) Chairman of the drive Mr. K. V. Venugopal and president of the Sion Lion's club, Mr. G. D. Mavani.

RIGHT: Mr. G. N. Shah crowns Ashraf Bootwala "May Queen" at the May Queen Ball held by the South Bombay Jaycees. Shabana Azmi (right) and Simi (partially seen) were the judges.



BELOW: Seen at the exhibition held by "Anupam" boutique, Calcutta, in Bombay, are from left, Mrs. Shakuntala Kothari, Mrs. Premlata Bhuwalka and Mrs. Asha Saboo of "Anupam" boutique.

Mrs. Bhanumatiben Bhavani Shanker Upadhyaya Acharya of the Mahiyapur Prathmik Shala, Sabarkantha District, receives a Gujarat State Award given to the best primary and secondary school teachers, from Gujarat's Governor Mr. K. K. Vishwanathan, in Ahmedabad.



RIGHT: Mr. S. M. Yahya, Finance Minister, Karnataka, inaugurated Meena Dixit's (left) exhibition in Bangalore, which was presided over by Mrs. Komala Vardan (right), president of the State Lalit Kala Akademi, Bangalore.

LEFT: Mrs. Sharda Mukerjee, Gov., A. P., who inaugurated the South Central R'lway Women's Organisation's cultural programme held in Secunderabad in aid of its social welfare activities, gives the 1st copy of the souvenir released by her to Mr. T. M. Thomas, G. M, S. C. R'lway. Mrs. S. Thomas, president of S. C. R. W. O. is at left.

bombay

"Selfiless service should be the motto of all individuals," said Mr. Eknath Ranade, the General Secretary of Vivekananda Kendra, speaking at a meeting arranged by Project Concern, an International Health Care Organization.

Dr. Abraham Patani, president of the Indian Drug Manufacturers' Association said that 80 to 85 per cent of Indians are deprived of modern medicines. He said that his Association would support Project Concern in serving the medically deprived with donations of medicines.

Mr. Dinesh Shah, executive vice-president, Indian Jaycees, who presided over the meeting said that Jaycees all over the world have been associated with Project Concern since the last 15 years. Indian Jaycees would be more involved in Project Concern activities to meet our country's needs. Mr. Ramineni Somaiah, National Chairman, Project Concern said that due to the assistance received from the Jaycees, from drug manufacturers and others, Project Concern was able to run 40 hospitals in underdeveloped countries. A survey party is prepared to visit India if the Health Ministry extends an invitation to set-up a health care unit.

Medicines worth Rs. 10,000 donated by M/s. Inga Laboratories to Project Concern were presented to Mr. Eknath Ranade in the function by Mrs. Patani, Director of the firm.

* * *

As part of their fund raising drive, Mobile Creches are holding a Musical Evening by Yesudas and his party, in his first performance after his foreign tour, on Monday, June 5, at 7.30 p.m. at Shanmukhananda Hall. Tickets are available at Mobile Creches. Phone No.: 230869.

* * *

Foto Kala Mandir, The Federation of Indian Photography and Foto Circle are jointly offering an Introductory Course in Photography to the students and staff of various recognised Institutes, colleges affiliated to the Bombay University, S.N.D.T. University and the Directorate of Arts. There are no fees. Those who are interested should send in their applications immediately to Foto Kala Mandir, Dhobitalao, 647 Girgaum Road, 2nd floor, 27 Jambulwadi, Bombay — 2. Application forms are available from Foto Kala Mandir on payment of Rs. 2. The course lasts approximately 1½ months.

Students per batch: About 30. 25 per cent of the seats are reserved for women and college staff. Applicants are required to pay Rs. 20 as the Earnest Money with the application. This amount will be refunded only to those who are regular, punctual and complete the course. The last dates for submitting applications are: For 1st batch June 14, 2nd batch: June 28.

The lectures will be held on Saturday evenings from 6-30-7.30 p.m. at Foto Kala Mandir.

calcutta

Mr. Prasanta Sur, Minister for Municipal Services was the Chief Guest and Mr. S. Sammadar, Administrator, Calcutta Corporation, presided over the tenth anniversary of the Bustee Welfare Centre and their prize distribution function to the bustee children. Mrs. Kamala Basu, wife of West Bengal's chief minister, gave away the prizes.

Mrs. Sheila Darar and her band of workers were congratulated on this novel concept of educating bustee children, many of whom pass out to later become teachers themselves.

* * *

It is always a stimulating experience when the Ladies Study Group organize their Annual Seminar in which eminent speakers participate; and their annual award giving ceremony to three women for their outstanding achievements in the fields of sport, professions and the creative arts and social work.

This time a jury of distinguished persons selected this award and the recipients were Mrs. Renuka Ray, for social work, Mrs. Dhun Adenwalla for works and studies on deafness and Miss Ila Paul for sports. Each of them was awarded a cheque for Rs. 11,000 and a silver medallion. Mr. T. N. Singh, Governor of West Bengal gave away the awards.

The Seminar was on "Focus on Human Rights"; the participants: Begum Abida Ahmed, Mr. Piloo Mody, Mr. Soli J. Sorabjee and Mr. M. R. A. Baig.

secunderabad

Mrs. Sharda Mukerjee, Governor of Andhra Pradesh, inaugurated the three-day cultural programme organised by the South Central Railway Women's Organisation at Secunderabad. On the inaugural day, Dr. Yamini Krishnamurthy gave a classical dance performance. This was followed by classical Carnatic music (vocal) by Dr. Mangalampalli Balamuralikrishna. The programme concluded with light music by Mr. S. P. Balasubramaniam, the famous cine playback singer.

The programme was organised in aid of the social welfare activities of the Organisation. The Governor also released an attractive souvenir brought out by them on the occasion.

bangalore

A mixture of styles and themes provided variety at the one-woman show held by Mrs. Meena Dixit at Venkatappa Art Gallery recently. The exhibits varied from sketches to abstract and realistic paintings. "The Cyclone" in graphics was notable for its imaginative quality and simplicity.

The exhibition was inaugurated by Karnataka's Finance Minister, Mr. S. M. Yahya, and presided over by Mrs. Komala Vardan, well-known dancer and painter, who is President of the State Lalit Kala Academi.

ahmedabad

Yamini Krishnamurthy, the leading exponent of Indian classical dance recently gave a performance arranged by the Ahmedabad Andhra Mahasabha on the occasion of its silver jubilee celebrations.

Yamini, who has been given the title of Astnana Nartaki of the famous Tirupati temple, began her programme with an obeisance to the Lord of that temple, Shri Venkatachalapaty.

Prof. Krishnamurthy, Yamini's father, compered the show.

Mr. B. J. Diwan was the chief guest on the occasion.

* * *

Mrs. Rani Lakshmikumari Chudavat, a famous Hindi poetess, was awarded a gold medal by the Lok Sanskriti Shodh Samsthan for her efforts in highlighting the folk literature of Rajasthan through her book "Bagadavat Devnarayan Mahagatha".

Mr. Popatlal Vyas, State Minister for Cultural Activities, presided over the presenation function held here.

world of eve

SARALA GHOSH

Families desperately in need of trained nurses to look after ailing relatives generally have to do without them, finding them too expensive. Realising this, Dr. Sarala Ghosh formed a group of "trained **sevikas**" in Calcutta to fulfil this need.

An MBBS in medicine & surgery from Calcutta University as far back as in 1931, and a DGO from Dublin, Dr. Ghosh's husband too is a doctor. She worked for 33 years as Medical Superintendent in the Baldeodas Maternity Hospital.

She was a member of the Legislative Assembly in W. Bengal, Chairman of the State Social Advisory Welfare Board and vice-president of the State Council for Child Welfare.

A pioneer in the field of family planning in her state, Dr. Ghosh is a founder-member of the Family Planning Assn. and General Secretary of the Associations of Social Health.

Besides all this, Dr. Ghosh is also the chairman of the Indian Red Cross North Zonal Centre. Dr. Ghosh finally, is also the president of the Calcutta branch of the All India Women's Conference.

NUTAN GUPTA

At the age of ten, Nutan Gupta won a prize in painting from the children's magazine **Paraag.** Believing that girls should be accomplished in art, her father encouraged her talent, and in 1972 Nutan graduated from BHU with a BFA degree.

Nutan held her first solo exhibition of paintings in Bokaro Steel City, in '71. Finding painting too restricted a medium, Nutan turned to her favourite medium — graphics. "Metal allows you to express so much more. Working on graphics is like a game — you can experiment to such a great extent with colours and shapes." Her marriage brought her to Bombay where she did a two year course in graphics at the J.J. School of Art.

Nutan is fascinated by the movement and colour found in water. The ghats of Banaras first inspired her. "Once you've lived in Banaras, colour will always influence you," she says. Her work, however, has adjusted to the mechanised environment of Bombay.

this week for you

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

A very busy, yet entertaining year, when you are certain to realise a special hope or wish. Success and achievement are yours; no one can hold you back, so don't let your enthusiasm be dampened by pessimistic relatives or jealous friends! A talent you have will suddenly be in demand and this could gain you entry into a new social circle. Money will come in, both earned and as a surprise windfall more than once. If you flirt too much, this could backfire on you around Christmas but by your next birthday you'll be deeply in love. Be a little careful about gossip or unusual "schemes."

John Naylor

JUNE 4-10, 1978

ARIES (Mar. 22— Apr. 20)

The starry pattern looks great for you! A good week to ask favours, to push your luck, generally. One special wish should come true soon if you juggle things your way a bit! There are happy signs for romance — more than one opportunity if you are heart-free, or restless!

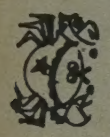
TAURUS (Apr. 21 — May 21)

A lively and amusing week, when more than one item of good news will arrive. It's a period to go after what you want, to put new plans into motion. Strangers will tend to be lucky for you, so will fresh scenes and activities. There are signs that a platonic friendship could become romantic.

GEMINI (May 22 — 21)

The next few weeks are splendid for light-hearted activities, for a holiday or for making new friends. A good time for changes, so if you are thinking towards a new job or a better set-up generally, get busy this week. The New Moon in your sign on the 5th could bring a wonderful meeting.

CANCER (June 22 — July 23)



With Venus, planet of love and happiness, in your sign, you are not likely to be lonely just now! Other stars are smiling on your affairs; you will have that extra something that leads to success. There are optimistic trends in your working life; if you want something more challenging, you can achieve this.

LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23)

Dynamic stars are affecting your love life and also your practical ambitions. If there is anything you want, go after it positively, more so if you are dependent upon the good favour of others. No one can refuse you anything just now! An important meeting is shown, if heart-free.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

Not much point in pushing on with practical matters — this week is starred for fun. Changes are on the way and will occur soon, so be inclined to let things happen at their own pace. An affectionate atmosphere, some nice compliments, a tranquil phase but one which holds much promise.

LIBRA (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

A change in your present set-up will be great for you, so don't fight it! Something you start this week (it may be a trivial item) will trigger off a happy chain of events. Travel is well-starred this week; if not on holiday, get around a bit, especially if seeking a romance.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

If little problems got you down recently, these should be settled this week. Take the initiative in most things. Your stars are now lighthearted and loving; it's definitely a time to get sociable, to be responsive. Improvement cashwise, so you can afford to spoil yourself!

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

Lively stars are working in opposition to you and will bring a few challenges until mid-June. Expect people to be unreliable, to break or forget dates, to generally give you the run-around. Concentrate on the essentials and this includes your full quota of fun and relaxation.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

Watch how you handle your cash; curtail spending if you can. There are no good buys around until later in June — and you somehow just won't have the right touch in choosing clothes and other personal items. Should a minor problem arise in romance, it is temporary, so don't droop — sparkle instead!

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

You will be feeling a bit aggressive this week — and you have every right, with the treatment you've received lately. But life will be less pacy now, the atmosphere more cooperative, so try to cool down! It is essential that you build up your vitality as first priority, get around and have fun as second.

PISCES (Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

A super seven days with much activity in your love life! You will be working and playing hard and will have the energy and enthusiasm to cope. Health and beauty should be tops but if you do have a little problem you can sort it out now. There is hint of a home change on the way.

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF JUNE 10, 1978

THE POPULATION PROBLEM

- **Women's role in the population explosion.**
- **An attempt to get the family planning programme off the ground again — pioneering efforts in Bombay.**
- **Young people involved in FP work — a Youth Page feature.**

WOMEN ARTISTS

The drawings of six women artists reveal a certain dedication and originality.

QUIZ CONTEST

Beginning next week, our popular quiz will be competitive, with attractive prizes.

WALK IN THE SHADOWS

Part II of the six-part serialisation of a brand new Mills and Boon novel which will never be available in India in paper-back.

Plus all our regular features.

Come Alive with NESCAFÉ®

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Largest selling instant coffee in the world

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50 PARLE
OUR GOLDEN YEAR OF THANKSGIVING